

# CAVALCADE

APRIL, 1955 1/6

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ZANE GREY —  
His life story — Page 2

A FORTUNE FROM  
BEGGING — Page 33

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# CAVALCADE

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The Australian 2/4 Commando Squadron was not issued, but it avoided having among the Japanese

## Struggle ERIC SHARKE on the

## Buin Road

THIS track ahead was deserted, a patchwork of shadow and blinding sunlight. The fellow man did not expect trouble here. The front line was many miles away. The jungle was strangely silent as it was breeding beneath the weight of vegetation and the oppressive atmosphere.

It extended against the edges of this thin pencil line, once the Government road to Buin except at the southern end of Beaufortville, now the main line of communication for the Japanese troops moving to the front.

The Australian commandos had been active lately so the party was a large one. The file of infantry

was followed by 40 seafarers of the Imperial Navy. A total of about 120 of them slowly tramped the trail to the Motil River ford.

And hidden in the jungle, watching them go past, were seven white men and two native guides. Seven men with automatic weapons, experts in the art of sniping and concentrated fire. Sixty commandos prepared to strike the single advantage of surprise against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy.

The leader of the Commandos was Lieutenant Bryce Kilian, now of Nyangon, and among his men were two who have become well-known Australian authors—Tom

Mangerton and Peter Pursey. They began to count the men in the passing parade—one, . . . two . . . three . . . four. A hailstorm of death came from the northeast; a swathe of Owen gun shrapnel burst from an unseen enemy.

Then the trail was covered with writhing figures and the jungle responded to the incessant hammer of explosions and screams of pain and alarm. This was the characteristic sound of Japanese industry before a surprise attack that the Commandos had come to expect, the pause which allowed them to work harder and escape fire and again completely unscathed.

But on this occasion a new element intruded and the Commandos found themselves in the rightmost corner of their long corridor on Bougainville. That element was naval personnel.

It was the first time they had been seen during the campaign. They were mostly all soldiers tall, clean-shaven, dressed in neat grey uniforms, and wearing caps decorated with anchors. They did not panic as the other Japs had done. Swiftly they linked back like the jungle, secretly operating to a pre-arranged battle drill.

There were no shouted orders. Only a series of whistle blasts which controlled their movements with a precision that was almost uncanny. Within a few moments, the Commandos were subjected to a barrage of incendiary shells, front cap dudshells, machine gun fire, and grenades.

More whistle blasts and the Japanese marines began to advance, fanning out to cover at the ambush party from the flanks. The determination of the attack pulled the enemy infantry who had been

allowed to pass through the ambush. They became a new threat and the commandos saw that they were in grave danger of being surrounded, that they were now facing a major assault by disciplined troops.

Owen gun blasting from the tops, the commandos made their withdrawal. So accurate was their fire that 19 marines, including two officers, were killed. The commandos left behind a single casualty, Trooper Alan Cobb, believing he was dead.

Lair, back at their headquarters at Morikawa, on the bank of enemy territory, they were told by natives that Cobb was still alive. The natives said they had covered him with banana leaves to hide him from the Japanese.

There was no hesitation. Though darkness had fallen, a commando patrol tramped through miles of jungle track to the ambush area and returned safely with their wounded comrade.

This was only one of the continual fighting patrols made by the 2/4 Commando Squadron from bases deep inside Japanese-held jungle. It was a squadron whose jungle craft was outstanding and whose skill at ambush, the sudden attack, and the lightning withdrawal, was such that, at the end of the war, it had built up a remarkable record of success.

During the whole Bougainville campaign, the squadrons casualties were seven killed and 20 wounded in return. It killed at least 200 enemy, took seven prisoners, wounded 400 and "possibly killed" a further 20.

These are conservative figures. Often they could not follow up their attack to ascertain the result of a raid. The effect of the unit on the enemy was not restricted to the number of enemy slain

More important still was its effect on morale. The Japanese soldier was likely to be killed in his sleep, as he lined up for noon parade, waded a creek, or rested in the sun.

No peaceful trail was safe. Miles behind the lines in lonely out-of-the-way bogs where they tended gardens to feed their families, Japanese would suddenly be hit with a storm of bullets and grenades from an unseen foe—a foe which took little regard of numbers, seemed to be everywhere, and yet could never be found.

Typical of this was an attack on enemy found in five huts in the Shireo area, when the squadron was based at Nihoro. At the first flush of dawn an A troop patrol under Lieutenant Lawrence Cook closed in and killed 14 of the enemy and captured weapons and documents. Later in the day, a small patrol returned to make a more detailed search of the area and found 30 Japanese had again occupied the huts. The Commandos killed four with the first burst, and in the subsequent fire-fight, killed three more. In both actions the commandos had no casualties.

In its behind-the-lines role, this independent company was often the first to establish contact with small groups of allies who had somehow survived the brutal years of Japanese occupation.

From Kuria Mission Commando patrols brought back three Indian POWs who had escaped from the Japanese. In the Jaha River area, 30 Chinese refugees from Kita and commando patrols at Dabetsu,

it was the commandos who passed back to safety two ILAAT men who had escaped in a Warrant in enemy territory, and two men and a missionary who escaped from the jungle in the last stages of exhaustion and exhaustion.

They received many others. The commandos had many subsidiary roles besides "waking out the enemy and destroying him". The commandos obtained priceless track information; to some extent they helped protect the flank of our main force driving south and their presence did much to win back the loyalty of the natives.

Around the Commando base large Angor compounds were established in which hundreds of natives were housed. These natives acted as guides, manned watchtowers along the paths leading to the commando hideout, and sometimes engaged in guerrilla warfare with scattered Japanese rifles.

The Japanese did not launch a full scale attack on the commando stronghold. The commando unit was always below strength, a relatively small force isolated from the rest of the Australian troops and relying mainly on air-dropping for its supplies. But some of the factors which saved them from more violent action than they received were that the enemy was receiving continual pressure from our main forces, the commando bases were cleverly sited and hard to find, while supply dropping from the air was erratic. It gave a false impression of the strength of the unit because with the actions for the commandos might be predicted actions for a 1000 natives, and because the vigilance of the bodies of natives around the commando outposts made it almost impossible for the enemy to approach unobserved.

From the time it made its first strike against the enemy at Amur, through to the long series of ambushes of the Jaha, then on to Kuroki Mission, Makapaka, and Nihoro, the commandos had taken a heavy toll of the enemy. They

made things so hot on No. 2 Government road, reserved Commune Road, that the enemy had to come using it.

The commandos struck this road first on March 14 to 24, 1945, and killed eight enemy. Two further ambuses disrupted the road. Then, on April 3, Commune Road was covered at the Tazawa River crossing. Forty to 50 of the enemy moving up the track disconcertingly waited for a rest in the cleared area which part of the ambush was covering. The patrol spotted up with grenades, automatic and rifle fire, killing 18 for certain and possibly a further 11.

But it was when the squadron moved to Morokunoro that it really set into its stride. It staged successful strikes in many areas, but none quite so spectacular as those achieved on the Himegawa.

The reason they compiled in a couple of weeks activity on this strategic road was amazing. On May 24, two fighting patrols were despatched to the Hime-gawa. No. 1 Section, under Lieutenant Clifton had an ambush 400 yards east of the Main road. After a short wait, Parties of 10 and a scattered mob met at the ambush simultaneously. Withheld fire on this concentrated target killed 17 and probably another two. Returning to base, a two-man detachment of this patrol engaged a lone party of enemy and killed two.

Further east, 6 Section, under Lieutenant Kilian, examined a hot concentration. Several occupied huts were searched in the moonlight. At first light, heavy fire was directed on the three occupied huts. Only one enemy was seen to be killed but casualties among the sleeping men must have been heavy.

On May 31, 5 and 6 Sections departed as fighting patrols Lieutenant Kilian's patrol ambushed a track near the Mine River crossing, poured fire into the engine and vulnerable parts of the vehicle, and of the 18 occupants killed seven and wounded three.

The following day Kilian's patrol ambushed the large Japanese force which included the six-foot naval personnel.

Two days later 1 Section, under Lieutenant Everett, raided enemy living in a garden area. The commandos struck at first light and killed 16 enemy.

A few days later, a patrol ambushed 12 enemy near the Mine road and killed 11. On June 14, 2 Section, under Lieutenant Perry, killed all of a party of seven enemy in the same area.

These were actions typical of the commandos. As the official report puts it in a careful understatement: "The effect of all this activity was to make the enemy far more wary."

It was on August 11 that the commando squadron received the order to "cancel long range and fighting patrols". A few days later they struck the Betsu-road again, this time en route home.



Members of the Australian commando corps with native guides over a map

# Their love cost TWO LIVES



The Frenchman's passionate love for the inn-keeper's wife became too strong for him. He had to eliminate the obstacle.

PETER HARRIS

BABETTE, the gay and colorful French Riviera resort, was besieged with pleasure seekers at the height of the 1934 winter season. Two people in the throng were of special interest. She was a tall, dark-haired, thirtyish Englishwoman. He was French. Short and dapper, with a magnificently bushy beard, he possessed the aplomb of a career diplomat and the appearance of a Valentine.

Their paths crossed when they picked her up in the lounge of the fashionable Hotel Victoria where she was staying. They loved—through St. Moritz, Paris, London and the small Surrey town where she lived.

As a result, the woman found

her life and happiness shattered—and two men to whom she had given her love died.

Mrs. Mabel Theresa Jones was on holiday to recover her health and mental poise after the collapse of a business venture and her subsequent bankruptcy. Her husband of 18 years—bluff, hard-drinking Alfred Jones—continued in England to look after a hotel—the "Blue Anchor" of Hythe, Surrey.

She found the resort pleasant enough, but she could not completely throw off her unhappiness due to a growing sense of loneliness. So she was not averse to the attentions of the magnetic Jean Pierre Vauquier. He was a dandy and an accomplished ladies' man

for all his rather unattractive nature (two feet four inches in thick-skinned sheep), prominent nose, bushy eyebrows and wavy hair.

A radio receptionist, he installed and serviced sets in various hotels, including the Hotel Victoria. He was doing a loud-speaker in the lounge when his gaze fell on the thin, attractive and unattached Mrs. Jones. Neither could speak the other's language, but that was not sufficient to deter Jean Pierre Vauquier. He rushed out, purchased a dictionary and with it conducted a halting conversation that resulted, in a week, in the winning of Mrs. Jones.

Then Frenchman, who was about 10 years older than his conquest, concluded he was born at Nîmes, the son of a farmer. He had left school at 18 and became an engineer. He had recently switched to radio. Five years before, he said, he had been divorced from his wife of nearly 20 years.

In her turn the lady told of her business failure. She described her unhappy married life with a husband who drank the profits of this hotel and frequently ill-treated her.

After a month, the Hythe affair between the Frenchman and the Englishwoman was interrupted by a telegram from Mrs. Jones, Alfred Jones, of the "Blue Anchor." He demanded his wife's return home.

Vauquier overcame his linguistic difficulties sufficiently to impress on Mrs. Jones that life would no longer be worth living if she left him. He cried until tears ran down his beard. He begged her to stay with him in France. Although he was not making much from radio, he promised that he would be able to keep her in

luxury as soon as he sold a revolutionary sewage-making machine he had invented.

Mrs. Jones was unimpressed. She was not prepared to abandon the security of a hotel for the chemical process of a strange machine. So, she said, it would have to be home to Alfred Poynter Jones.

She packed and, on February 4, left St. Moritz, bound for Surrey and the Blue Anchor. The amorous Frenchman followed and sought her in Paris. They tarried for three days and then Mrs. Jones reluctantly continued homeward. On February 8 she stepped off the boat train in London into her husband's arms.

Jean Pierre could stand the separation from his adored one for only 24 hours. On February 9 he, too, arrived in London.

Mrs. Jones had told him of a good hotel in Bloomsbury. He registered there and with the aid of the booking clerk sent off a telegram to Mrs. Jones. It announced that he would follow her to the ends of the earth to be near her and suggested that she hop the next train up to London to be re-united with him.

Mrs. Jones came almost immediately. They dined and she did not return to the Hythe hotel until the next day. Mr. Jones had gone off for a holiday himself to Margate.

However, she told Vauquier that she could not continuously tramp up to London. She would be able to see him only on occasional quick trips. That did not suit the ardent Frenchman. Very well, he told her, if she would not come to him, then he would go to her.

Accordingly, he borrowed £14 from Mrs. Jones, paid his bill at the Bloomsbury hotel and accompanied her back to Hythe. He

took a room at the Blue Anchor and that became a post in the hotel of the man whom he was visiting.

The "crash" on the hotel-keeper's wife was apparently even to the hotel proprietor. The manager of the Blue Anchor in turn noted his dog-like, suspicious devotion of a man in love.

"Vaguier," he later gave evidence in court, "never left her side if it was at all possible to stay with her. He followed her everywhere she went, never stopped at home when she was away from him, and could not bear to be parted from her even for a few minutes."

On February 11, Mr. Jones arrived back unexpectedly from a holiday. He had taken sick and was confined to bed to ward off pneumonia.

Under his wife's solicitous attention he soon recovered. The volatile new guest from France also went out of his way to help the sick hotel-keeper. He insisted on visiting him in his bedroom and brought up a radio receiver to his bed.

But Mrs. Jones was cooking to the Frenchman. Vaguier was definitely on the way out—but he could not see it. It was a sticky situation and could not continue indefinitely. It was when Jones was up and about again that he discovered the new boarder's interest in his wife. Several times he crept across in the dining room and stalked off in both directions in hopes an all-night romp could be passed in Vaguier's mind.

These passed in Vaguier's mind—added with now unrecalled love—there were born a scheme which was foolish as it was diabolical and doomed to failure.

About the beginning of March, Jean Pierre Vaguier went up to London for the day. His destination

then was a chemist's shop he had visited while staying at the Moorsbury hotel. On his first visit he purchased an assortment of chemicals—mostly of tin, copper acetate and cyanide nitrate. He explained that he wanted them for radio experiments.

A few days later he appeared with a new request—for strichrome. It was supplied to him after some hesitation and he signed the police's register under the name of "J. Walker".

Over the following weeks the atmosphere of the Blue Anchor was strained. Vaguier continued to pestle Mrs. Jones to leave her husband and sleep with him. Jones began to drink even more heavily than before and dropped to the Frenchman that his mounting bill at the hotel should be paid.

Mrs. Jones tried to pour oil on the troubled waters by insisting the guest to sell his revolutionary sewage machine. They had no luck, and even she must have doubted its worth as she quickly told her husband to refuse Vaguier's request for a loan against its future earnings.

Eventually Vaguier decided to play his drastic trump card. On Friday, March 18, Jones gave a party for some of his coarser and remained up, drinking in the hotel bar, until one o'clock in the morning.

The Frenchman knew that, as often happened, the hotel-keeper would awaken with a thick head in the morning. Then he usually descended to the bar-parlor in search of a pick-me-up—a dose of tonic syrup which he kept in a bottle under the counter.

When Jones came down at about 10:30 a.m., Vaguier was already installed in the bar parlor drinking his morning coffee. He had been

sitting there for several hours. Jones marshaled a morning greeting to his guest, got a tumbler of water and mixed himself a Pernod drink. He gulped it down and then immediately tried to spit out the last dregs in his mouth. His face was screwed up in distress and he shook his head. "That was bitter," he cried.

The wife entered at that moment hearing her husband's complaint. She went to the bottle of salts and washed a grain or so in her tongue. "Soddy," she then declared, "these have been tempered with."

She raised Jones an armful but her tears were realized in 20 minutes when he began to exhibit the symptoms of strichrome poisoning—stiffness at back of the neck, a twitching of the muscles, a feeling of suffocation and violent spasms of convulsions.

A doctor was summoned. frantic efforts were made with massive doses of the usual antidotes. They had little effect. Within half an hour of swallowing his poison, the physician was dead.

Mrs. Jones went to the law parlor to secure the bottle of salts but found it empty. It had been thoroughly washed—as had the number and spoon.

According to a witness he later said, proceedings, she saw Vaguier standing at the door and said to him, "You have murdered my husband." The Frenchman stammered. "You b—tch," he was reported to have admitted, "for you."

Scotland Yard men soon arrived but although suspicion centred on Vaguier, there was no real proof. There was not even enough evidence to hold him under arrest. He was permitted to move out to another hotel nearby, but placed under surveillance.

A fortnight passed. Swarms of

#### HE LAGGED WITH THE MAG

"I have trouble with you on all the courses," shouted the owner to the jockey.  
"Why didn't you keep up with the other horses,  
Instead of being so easygoing?  
The hub has taken it for other horses,  
But it was no good trying  
to be bad.  
If I'd kept up with the other  
horses,  
I'd have left you two  
behind!"

—AH-EM-

newspaper reporters descended on Sydenham. The Frenchman strutted amongst them, obviously enjoying the situation and glorying in his own cleverness. Daily he talked with the reporters, even hatched with some of them. He tried to sound out the possibilities of selling his life story for publication.

When Jones was buried he hurried more easily and became as sure of himself that he was passed for a photographic picture. That picture placed a noose around the neck of Jean Pierre Vaguier.

It was recognized by the Moorsbury chemist from whom he had purchased the strichrome. He contacted the police.

On April 16, 1924, Vaguier was arrested. In quick order he was tried, found guilty and hanged in Wandsworth Prison. Guards who witnessed him on the scaffold reported that he was trembling and apologetically explained, "I am afraid I am not very brave, gentlemen." His last words as the trap was sprung were a shout, "Vive la France!"

If you were there never they were playing for it was life. Yet here were playing to lose — in order to win.



WILL ELLIS

## DEATH to the WINNER

I LIKED to spend a quiet night at Jake's joint. Jake ran his game fair and square. From the time the sixth guy sat at the table till the last deal after five-thirty in the morning, it was strictly all cards from the top of the pack and dough on the table.

I got to Jake's early this night. The sofa hadn't let up watching me over a job they thought I did, so I had to take things quietly. I managed to scrape up a hand of a hundred quid to sit in on the game. You had to be prepared to do at least a hundred and you couldn't sit off when you were ahead. Once at the table, there were only two ways of leaving as your boot-leg losing all your bank, or at five-thirty, when the game broke up. Only six starters

in the little attic room on the third floor and the door was bolted.

Round big John, there were three others already sitting at the table when I arrived. Becker Crane was one of them. I hadn't expected to see Becker around for some time unless it was at the movies. Becker had shot up one of Carl Strong's bags in an argument. Carl swore he'd get Becker.

I sat. I went round to Jake's for a quiet night. I could see that wasn't a very good bet when the stool guy to walk in was Carl.

Now, don't think guys started blasting there and then. That's not Jake's way. He runs a peaceful game and no one would make a threat, let alone draw a rod.

Jake closed and bolted the door. "Well," said Carl, his thin lips

drawn tight across his whale, even teeth. "We nine to ten years will around. Becker. I been looking for you all over town. I got somethin' for you."

I could practically see Becker's brain turning over. He aimed to lose his hundred quid and get out before five-thirty.

Big John lumbered across the room and sat down. "OK," he said, "Cut for deal. The highest takes it. You all know the stakes. Two quid blind, the man after the dealer is blind and the blind can be raised or successive. You can double the stake as long as someone before you has accepted to play. OK. Steve is highest with a king. Take the deal." He tossed a new pack of cards across the table.

I was first after the dealer and blind, so I had last say. I just left my cards on the table and watched the others. Becker was first to play, so he picked up his cards and had a quick look at them. As I expected, he said hold play. Steve was next and tossed in. Then John, who doubted it and made it four quid for cards. Carl didn't look at his cards, just kept his eyes glued on Becker as if to bore through him. "Play," he said.

Steve and I passed. Becker accepted to play for four quid.

Becker bought one, but I guessed he'd have four rags so he couldn't win. John took two. Having doubled the stake, it looked like he had three of a kind. "Gimme one," said Carl.

"Not four quid," said Becker, tossing the noise into the centre.

He was betting the maximum against a double and a two-card lay. It was easy to see he was out to lose quickly. He knew that Jake would raise him, then he could toss in.

Under the thick lids of his half-closed eyes, he watched Carl. Jake raised him eight quid. Still looking at his cards, Becker said, "I'll raise you to sixteen quid."

John pushed his cards together and tossed them into the discard. I saw the faintest of smiles curl the corner of Carl's mouth as he slowly and deliberately pushed his cards into the centre. "I think Becker's got me beat. You were a nice hand for the first hand."

Well, for a guy that had just won thirty quid, Becker didn't look very happy. He was sweating and breathing hard, his bloated mouth twitching like a kid who's just lost his belly.

We didn't watch me deal. He just stared across the table at Carl as if he were looking down the barrel of a cannon. It didn't take long to realize that Carl didn't seem to let him live. He was going to have to use all his skill to lose and, at the same time, keep Carl up in the money so he couldn't get out either ahead or at the same time.

With two guys playing to lose it didn't take long for them to shell out their cash. Both of them were putting low in though, with the odds on who would go first being even. So if Becker was going to save his neck, this was the hand. And Becker knew it too. He used his large red handkerchief frantically to wipe the sweat that was pouring from the water-like pores of his skin.

It was Carl's deal, with Steve and I him being blind. I went over to make it four quid for cards and became the blind. Becker, after me, was getting a bit desperate, as Carl had fourteen quid left in against his fifteen and looked as if he'd get his shot.

Becker went over the to make it

sixty quid for cards. Jake had nothing to lose and nothing to his hand so he got out Milt and Steve joined in and did his two quid cold. Mike bought three, didn't improve, so turned in. I came in with a pair of kings, pretty good start, and bought a third. Becker sat pat.

The tension was really on Becker at this half-cloud eyes looking at Carl through the tobacco-smoke that curled up from the cigarette he was chewing. His cards lay flat on the table as if daring Carl to challenge him. Carl just stared right back, a half-smile playing round the corners of his thin mouth. Carefully he shuffled the five cards into one another.

He was still pat and he had six quid left. His face didn't show a flicker, but I guessed he was

drinking fast. He reckoned that if he bet six quid against a pat hand, I'd toss in and so would Becker, leaving him to collect the winnage. Yet if I tossed in, he had to risk me not having a bet. If I had a bet, Becker would look and lose, with every chance of getting books, while Carl would have to stay in the school because he had not lost all his hundred. If I was bluffed by the pat hand and tossed in, then Becker would win the hand. But he figured right that I would have some sort of a bet just to see what Becker would do.

He finally settled for the smaller bet of two pounds, enough to get me in. Well, I was content to look and let Becker worry. And he sure did. A bloke with his life at stake is going to look at it from all angles.

He didn't look at his hand, just at them like a great ape, twiddling with a steamed tort that had gone soft. Looking at Carl's hand and rattling an equal hand when I won was no good to him. He had to go out alone. And I was the reason of that. Whatever he bet, Carl had to toss in, but I had to look.

Well, he bet by raising me all he had, four quid. Carl figured he just couldn't afford to leave it with me. He dug in his pocket for an extra note, tossed his cash in the center, and looked.

Now I got to thinking. There was life or death for one or both these guys, and the same word "luck" from me was the O.K. I decided to let them work it out, even though it was meant to cost me a wad of forty quid.

When I tossed in, it was like an electric charge hit the table. They sat rigid, waiting, and even Mike and Jake realized something more than cash was involved.

Carl spoke gruffly between tightly clenched teeth. "Tim Becker! You? You're on the take!"

Becker was sitting forward on the edge of his chair, his tongue working overtime trying to keep his great mouth wet. Sweat poured out of him and he tried to wipe his hands on his sodden shirt. Becker laid his cards face up on the table. He was just high. He had kept a two, three, six and seven and bought the peak.

"All right, mafus," he breathed. "Beat the jack."

Carl didn't pick up his free cards and lay them down. He picked them off one at a time and laid it face up. He hadn't looked at his cards since he bought, and he watched the cards turn up for the one that meant life or death for Becker. It was like playing Russian roulette, twisting the chamber con-

taining one bullet, then pulling the trigger with the muzzle pressed against your skull.

A five turned up, a three, then a nine. Becker dragged his hairy arm across his sagging mouth. A four. Only one chance left. Carl hesitated with his hand on the card and looked at Becker, rattling the torment into a cat playing with a mouse. He flicked it over—an eight.

Suddenly my head seemed to explode and Carl was sprawling on the floor, blood seeping from the twin holes in his head. Becker was back against the wall, waving a Colt automatic with four bullets left.

"Open the door, Jake. And don't try mafus! I got this paintin' right in the middle of your skull."

Jake didn't say a word. He didn't need to. It was there in the blinding light of his eyes what Becker would get at the first chance. He just opened the door.

Well, the cards were stacked against Becker. The cops were always hanging around the area looking for trouble. They didn't need a Commission to know that the two cracks weren't a car breaking, and had come running. Becker was halfway down the stairs when they burst in the front door.

Well, at least the cops drew a blank. They had been trying to ding Jake in for a long time, but, because of the boiled dinner, they had always found a nice quiet place of Racketty Kate sitting on Lori with the door wide open, a stiff and folding money all over the table. Jake got it for running a concession, glorifying-house. Mike and Steve sat off light with a fine.

Not far westward is the Big House, where I'm doing a stretch for that little job I was going quit about.



"Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do!"

# Crime Capsules

## BIG SCALP

"Die Neptos sind da!" is a proverbial expression that travellers are warned to keep their heads on their wallets, because that is common there, due, no doubt, to the amount of invaders who holiday there. During the war there were made off with a stupendous amount of equipment and all that last year theft on a scale almost as large took place when thieves stole a half-ton of man-made and over-head trinket wire from an abandoned line in a Naples suburb. The thieves had worked for three weeks in broad daylight ripping up the rods and even recruited hired labourers, but no one had intercepted them.

## CROOKED ON HIS NAME

Shakespeare said, "What's in a name?" A fifteen-year-old youth in Oklahoma, U.S.A., could tell the bard. He was arrested for taking part in race riots and he told police that he committed the banditry as revenge against society because he was christened Rubin Mark Achabber. The boy's father has since cleared the boy's name legally.

## WEEKS OFF

In New London, Connecticut, Mrs Francis Langway complained to the

court that her husband was abusive, quarrelsome and a drunkard on weekends, but was an ideal husband during the week. The judge sentenced the husband to jail from Friday night to Sunday night every week for the next three months. That is something which would have appealed to Gilbert and Sullivan.

## JACKPOT

Mrs Warren Bowen, of Rockdale, saw her husband struggling with a burglar. So she went into action. Picking up a chair, she swung twice. Her blows were effective—the burglar, AND her husband went into hospital. The burglar suffered from concussion, while the husband got off with lacerations.

## KISSING BANDIT

The Ballards are a progressive people. A woman bandit at Venice, held up Francesco Carnato while he was cycling home with his pay envelope, took his money, then, while still holding a gun on him, kissed him passionately and rode off on her way.

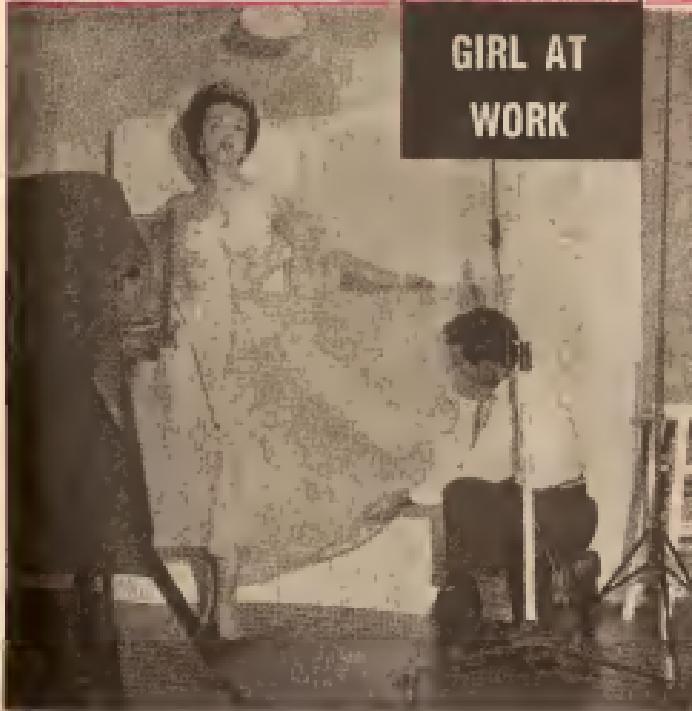
## RUBBING IT IN

Two bandits walked into a shop in Chicago and relieved the owner of a watch and money from the till. Then they chose the most expensive necklace in the shop and used them to tie up the unfortunate owner.

Death in the States when a girl gets married. You marry her in your book. This picture was taken on the 100th anniversary of the first marriage of Mr. & Mrs. Johnson. Now you should consider that the Johnsons is a mighty large family and would not fit in the corner of

# Stop! Look!

## GIRL AT WORK



## Stop! Look! GIRL AT WORK



Helene works hard—you have to if you want to get on in the highly competitive model field—and within a few hours she may find herself wearing anything from an eye-catching ensemble to the subtle sophistication of a stunning cocktail or evening gown.

Her favorite around-the-house garb is a cute tweed-like combination plaid that impresses us. She likes to relax with an outside Chinese chess set.



Although relaxation is important, a model must exercise to keep that trim figure. Helene makes physical culture part of her daily routine. Modeling isn't all popularity and easy money. It means hard work and a strict eye on the vital statistics of the figure. Helene knows this, that is why she is at the top of the ladder.



"Now superhighway, mate?"

# A cat may solve a mystery

RONALD GAETH-DAVIS

What happened to \$100,000 worth of jewellery lost in a road air crash of 1937 maybe a London cat has the answer.



A CAT started in a paper and newspaper in the name "Grimm", started a search that had been abandoned. Grimm may yet tell us what happened to \$100,000 worth of jewels lost in an airship crash last in 1937.

The crash drew considerable publicity, partly because of the importance of its occupants, partly because of the mystery surrounding the disintegration of the plane in mid-air and partly because of the question, "What happened to the jewellery which the women passengers were wearing?"

On July 21, 1937, an all metal Junkers dual-control monoplane owned and piloted by Lieutenant Colonel G. L. R. Henderson, set out from Le Touquet, France, to fly to Croydon, London. He had an assistant pilot, Charles D'Urban Kneller and four passengers, Viscount Eustace, Sir Edward Ward, Mrs Henry Looffler and Frederick Temple Thomas Hamilton-Temple-Blackwood, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. All were well-known people, the Marquess being Speaker of the Senate in the Northern Ireland Parliament, veteran

of the Boer War and World War I, D.S.C. and Mentioned in Despatches twice.

A pilot was flying, but the plane was making good headway. Then suddenly, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, over Molesgate, Kent, there was an explosion and the plane disintegrated into pieces. All occupants were killed.

Several people heard the explosion and rushed out of their houses to ascertain the origin of it. They were aghast at what they saw: pieces of the plane were falling to earth, along with human bodies.

"I heard a crash," said one onlooker. "I ran outside and saw a body falling through the air. Three bodies landed in one meadow and two others in different meadows."

The onlooker parted and a piece of metal hit a driveway of a house, narrowly missing a gardener. He turned back a foot away into the drive. The main part of the plane, spiraling helplessly, crashed to the ground, raining a hangarful by feet. Further out in a field the tail section hit the earth.

One wing, shot off like paper, drifted a mile away. A side case damaged a road of a house and personal belongings were scattered for over a mile in all directions. The tail of the plane landed three hundred yards from the fuselage. There were no flames.

The assistant pilot was the only one who did not part company with the plane on the way down. He was found, strapped in the cockpit, alive. But he died ten minutes later.

There was a large funeral. The Marquess of Dufferin, being the Commanding Officer of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and Vice Admiral of Ulster, was honored with full Naval honors. A memorial

service was held on the quarter deck of a training ship of the Ulster Division and the R.N.V.R. The bell of the Albert Memorial Bell, which had not been tolled since 1904, when the then Lord Mayor died, was rung as the hymn moved to the ship.

A Naval band and a naval guard of honor preceded the gun carriage on which rested the coffin containing Sir Morrison. And on the coffin was a Union Jack. Seven-minute guns were fired.

With such important personalities involved in the tragedy, investigation was soon thorough. At the request held some 200 yards from the crash, follow investigations were carried out and statements were made by all witnesses to the plane crash. It was ascertained that the plane was a new one and had been thoroughly checked before leaving the factory and given a certificate of airworthiness. The pilot was very experienced and held the necessary pilot's license.

Why, then, had the crash occurred? Was there a bomb or some explosive element in the plane, and if so, what was it doing there? Had it been placed there with the object of blowing the plane to smithereens? These questions were investigating to the fullest extent. Fool play was not the heading.

With that question remaining a mystery, police turned to another mystery. What had happened to the £10,000 worth of jewellery the ladies were wearing in the plane?

Some of it could have been blown over a wide area. A diamond and pearl necklace had been placed in the lining of a hat for safety. It was never found. Maybe it had lodged in the fork of a tree. Maybe it is still there.

A few pearls were found, so why shouldn't the other gems be nearby? Certainly, the plane was scattered over an area of a mile, but, why couldn't the jewelry be found after a thorough search?

The insurance companies paid up as soon as circumstances allowed, and the mysteries were filed among the unknown and unsolved mysteries.

Then, in 1964, 24 years later, a cat caused the whole disaster to be brought into the public eye again. Mrs. Winifred Mansell, of Keston, Kent, 14 miles away from the tragedy, owned the cat, Gomus, and one day the feline leaped into her home, obviously involved in the

An old man confined to a wheelchair had dreamed for years on just one more hunting trip. One day he persuaded his three grandchildren to let him go and his dog and wheel him into the forest. Suddenly a bear charged towards the party and the children screamed and ran home. Peeling into the yard, they screamed, "Mother, grandpa's been eaten by a bear!" The mother replied, "Don't worry about grandpa; he got home five minutes ago."

Last or stolen jewellery is quite often not found. Conversely, treasure has been found and no claims have been made by owners. The police realized that workmen had removed a reference on an Rolex rolexite and had unfastened an engraved silver mattoon, a jewel case and a pile of valuable antique silver.

They were kept busy tracing the origin of that find. Finally they had not with success. In 1960 a robbery had taken place and the stolen items had never been recovered. Evidently the thief had hidden them under the mattress and had either forgotten which relatives it was or had been unable to retrieve the items for want of other reason.

Poison resulted destruction workers clearing away ruins from the site of World War II. They remembered that a workman with a pneumatic drill had bored through the concrete roof of an old strengthens fifteen feet below street level and had found sets of silver bangle-plate, boxes of heavy silverware and enough trophies to

all twenty large working men. Some of the articles were wrapped in newspaper dated 1891, so this should have been easy to trace. The Ministry of Agriculture had occupied the building previous to the bomb, but they disclosed any knowledge of the bomb, as they passed the buck to the Prince Commissioners. They, too, knew nothing of the forgotten silver, so the house was treated as a treasure trove and the workmen and his mates were paid ten percent.

An East London man was digging in his backyard when he uncovered a human skull and a tin box filled with Victorian jewellery. Suspecting foul play, he called the police, but the skull turned out to be a medical specimen and most of

the jewellery in the box was paste. Maybe the cat uncovered those two diamonds in similar manner, while surveying. Maybe they could have had a different origin from what the police think. The diamonds had been so small to identify with the piece of crest, but authorities seem to think that they could be part of the missing jewellery from the fatal 1890 crash.

Whatever the source, Giselle is the most important cat in Great Britain. She cannot walk anywhere outside the house without being noticed. Whenever Giselle goes for a stroll, at least one member of the Mennell family follows her. Where there are two diamonds, they argue, there may be a bandit.



"This is her first dress! How can you both just sit there?"

# He lived and wrote *Adventure*

## JAMES HOLLOWAY

Zane Grey was an irresponsible adventurer. He saw the life about which he wrote. And he became equally famous as a writer and sportsman.

HE was a dentist who wanted to be an author. A publisher turned down five books in a row and told him he could discuss as long as he could write either fact or fiction. Given his gift-writing name of Pearl Grey was a drawback.

Not until he was 39—and had changed his name to the more virile Zane Grey—did he find a publisher who would accept one of his novels. Then almost immediately the records began.

The first 10 novels sold 17,000,000 copies. Foreign editions appeared in 20 different languages. He produced a total of 71 books. Today, 15 years after his death, he is still a best-seller, with sales now topping the \$100,000 mark.

Zane Grey may not have invented the horse opera—but he did more than any other man to perpetuate

it. He went to the West and crossed the Painted Desert and Death Valley. He rode and lived with Indians, cowboys, and Texas Rangers. He hunted cougars, rounded up wild horses, and saw scenes and heard sounds that he was able to reproduce so authentically in his books that people could almost smell the outdoors in them.

Zane Grey satisfied his two ambitions—to be a writer and a sportsman. He became almost as well known with the gun and the rod as with the pen. As a big-game fisherman he was renowned from Nova Scotia to the Caribbean, to the New Zealand foreland and New South Wales' Barrier.

Born in 1872, he was actually christened, in what must have been a moment of mortal aberration by his mother, Pearl Grey. The place "was the small Ohio town of Zanes-

vile, on the Muskingum River. The town was named after an ancestor on his mother's side, Colonel Ebenezer Zane. He was descended from an English Zane of the same name who arrived in America with William Penn in 1682.

Colonel Zane did more than anyone else to open up Ohio. In consequence, he received extensive land grants from a grateful Congress and provided novelist Zane Grey with a touch of Indian blood by marrying a beautiful Indian squaw.

His name probably was the reason young Pearl Gray in his boyhood became the terror of the district as he strove to prove he was not the shay the name implied. He was remembered as the boy who wantonly destroyed a whole load of imported saltpeter in front of the town's Historical and Art Institute. He was also notorious for the dime novels and penny dreadfuls he collected and blared out to his classmates.

If Pearl Gray gave any indication of later greatness in his boyhood, it was only as a baseballer. He had a special talent for pitching, and developed a wicked curved ball that could have earned him the same proclamations, however as it did his brother, Ruddy. But his baseball prowess did no more than assist his passage through the University of Pennsylvania. His father had decreed that one baseballer in the family was enough. Pearl had to follow his father's leadship and become a dentist.

Graduating in 1896, after plodding through his examinations, the outside-minded dentist set up practice in New York. Already he had ambitions to write, and he poured forth articles and stories on racing and trapping subjects. All these were summarily returned

to him from unimpassioned editors.

He persevered. His mother discovered among family papers a diary of her grandfather, Colonel Ebenezer Zane. It was packed with recorded adventures as he founded Fort Henry on the Ohio frontier. It told of the colonel's mate, Betty, a legendary figure of the pioneer days who risked her life to bring ammunition to the fort when it was besieged by Indians and the British in 1782.

Pearl Gray read the diary and saw it was the stuff of which best-sellers are made. He sat down and wrote a historical novel on his ancestor, cover, peopling it with the residents and residents, traitors, revolutionaries, and popular heroes and heroines that lived in the pages of the diary. He titled it "Betty Zane" and took it to publishers—dozens of them. All turned the novel down flat. Undeterred, he talked one of his wealthy patients into advancing money so he could publish it himself.

It was not a success, but that did not worry Gray. He was determined to be a writer. Turning his back on the career that would have provided him with an assured living, he closed his office and settled for a poverty-stricken existence as a writer in a cabin in the woods back in Ohio.

He sold a few articles to outdoor magazines, but would have starved only for help from his father and his brother, Ruddy, who was making a lot of money as a professional baseballer. Several times Pearl, who was a better player than Ruddy, was tempted to throw down his pen for a post in a baseball team. But the urge to write was too strong and he persevered.

In 1908 he married a girl named Lura Hove, who called herself

Penselope and whom he called Dolly. They had met while he was暫住 in New York, and Lura Penselope-Dolly Grey cheerfully contributed her savings so that he could continue with his writing. They settled in a cottage at Lockwood, Pennsylvania, overlooking the Delaware River.

There, the following year, Dolly gave birth to a son, Roderick, and Pearl was safely delivered of his second novel on his Zane forebears. He titled it "The Spirit of the Border," and again publishers were apathetic to the point of rudeness. "It is difficult to imagine any work having less merit in either style or substance," one of them wrote to him.

Dolly had some money left, and again Grey published his own work. Again it created hardly a ripple of interest.

Zane Grey always said that one of his main props in the years of heart-breaking successive failures was the faith of his wife. Dolly would not let him quit. She encouraged. She dug out some of his old rejected manuscripts and sent them off to other publishers to earn a few dollars. She predicted him to work on a new book.

But Grey himself knew something must be written. Actually there was a lot wrong, and critics agreed it stayed writing up to his last book. He had little natural talent for writing. His work lacked humor, his characterization was oversimplified, and where style was concerned he was a better baseball player. All that the later Zane Grey, who sold millions of copies, had was a fertile imagination and, even more important, the capacity for accurate and convincing description of the real West.

It was that which made his work exciting and interesting for reviews

of readers, from clerks to cab-drivers and factory workers. And that authentic knowledge of the West, Zane Grey realized in 1926, he did not have. Consequently, he set out to acquire it.

He met a famous old plainsman, Colonel "Buffalo" Jones, and persuaded him to take him back west with him and show him the cowboy life at first-hand. In return, he agreed to write Jones's life, as publicity for a volume the Workmen had to issue—"Buffalo"—tough, rugged stories derived from breeding cattle with buffalo.

From Flagstaff, Arizona, he set out with Jones on a 10-day crossing of the Painted Desert and the upper part of the Grand Canyon to Jones's ranch of House Rock Valley. There they plunged into life that was a violent round of thrills and adventure for tenderfoot Grey. He met hardy Western pioneers and listened to their talk of mountain lions and cougars, wild-cow round-ups, and buffalo-hunts.

Here Grey is one of his favorite roles — a big game hunter.



It was still only 1938 and the average city-dweller still commanded most of the accounts they heard of Western life in tall stories Grey discovered how true they were for himself.

On a day where horses he accompanied Buffalo Jones on a lone-hunt and saw the old man pull his pistol that he could catch three flies with a lasso. He learned by experience as they hunted the last wild herd of buffalo that a white horse to these animals is like a red rag to a bull.

A dozen of the angry "bulls" charged at the painted Pearl Gray. Six million words of Wild West masterpieces would never have been written had not Jones, riding like a demon for all his 73 years, headed them away from where the painted visor and

struck his white horse directly in their path.

The pair burst down and captured the chieftain leader, "White King", of a herd of wild mustangs. Grey helped while Jones traded a solitary old-man grizzly bear and captured three others with ropes for sale to a zoo. Together they went over the rim of the Grand Canyon and discovered the ruins of a forgotten Indian civilization—temples and sepulchers and images concealed in an intricate system of caves.

They dodged hostile Comanches who still roamed the area. They survived desert storms and camped out on snow-clad mountain-tops as they trailed the running polar wolves.

Eventually Grey had to return to Lockwood and the task of

taming his appetites into sensible literary property. In two months he had finished his fourth book on Buffalo Jones. Titled "The Last of the Plainsmen", it had the same traits as his previous books, but it had the authenticity of actual experience.

For the first time on the title-page he wrote, "By Zane Grey." Then he packed his bag and set off for New York and the publishers. Again the experts of the publishing companies turned their thumbs down.

Ten years of battling to make his way as a writer had developed in Grey a "backbone of rock". He knew his writing had something that it did not have a year before. He was going on with it until he made the publishers and the reading public see it as he did. Zane Grey went home and wrote another book—a Western romance with all the colorful atmosphere of purple hills, vast deserts and lonely sheep for which he was soon to become famous.

The result was "The Herring of the Desert", which was accepted for publication in 1934. Zane Grey was 39 and on the threshold of one of the great success stories of popular writing.

The public liked the new Western novelist. His biography of Buffalo Jones was now published and sold well.

In 1935 Zane Grey brought out what is probably the most popular opera of all time, the evergreen "Riders of the Purple Sage", which has sold millions of copies.

He continued to write fiction at the rate of 300,000 words a month—but thereafter he only worked a couple of months a year. With his routines making him sick, he was able to direct the greater portion of his energies to sport and

adventure-seeking around the world.

Thereafter the story of Zane Grey is primarily the story not of his work but his play. Interested by a wonderland, he tramped off to such legendary places as Cibola Rainbow Canyon and Death Valley and the wild, unexplored Santa Cruz River in Mexico. There was danger at all of it.

In the Mexican jungle in 1938, he found himself with one single bullet between him and death from a monster jaguar maddened to a frenzy by poison. Zane Grey started the animal tearing at the carcass of a deer he had shot. He was 100 feet away and stopped stock still. The jaguar sensed his presence. He growled savagely. Grey fired up his rifle and fired. The great yellow body leapt high into the air with a deafening roar. He had been hit.

With the mounting age of long experience, Zane Grey loaded another shot. It also thudded home as the animal fell to the ground and writhed about in torment.

But the jaguar was far from finished, and Grey knew enough of them not to take chances. He put two more bullets into his body and crawled with a fresh clip of cartridges.

The animal seemed to realize this was his chance. He got up and bounded forward. He was less than 20 feet away from the hunter when Grey launched a shell in the chamber and fired.

Like all the other bullets, it missed its target—but it seemed to have no effect except to encourage it further. It was roaring ferociously and coughing blood—but still it came on. As the jaguar leaped half into a poisoning leap, Zane Grey was close to panic. He fired it off and—with



"... Seven... eight... nine... ELEVEN HAVE LEFT SINCE MIDNIGHT, that's encouraging!"



sheer will power made every movement as deliberate as if he were shooting on a target range.

Three times with the precision of a metronome he squeezed the trigger. The slugs sent the jaguar leaping higher, cleaving the air as they shattered into his belly like the jagged, powder-blazed ends of a dozen handier. Flash, a mace, could stand no more. The animal dropped down on the green carpet of the jungle.

All art immediately it was up again. It leaped. Blood was showering over Zane Grey as it seemed to hover in mid-air right on top of him. He fired with the last bullet in his rifle and for the last time the animal fell down. It died—but it had taken nine bullets to finish it.

Over the next few years Grey fished in the Gulf of Mexico and in the Caribbean, off the Canadian Pacific Coast and the shores of Baja California. In California he spent many summers in quest of barracuda, white sea-lions, tuna and broadbill swordfish. In the winter he moved to Florida and went after the bigger tarpon, sharks and marlin.

Then he trekked to the notorious Death Valley, back in places far below sea level and experiencing temperatures of up to 115 degrees, the hell-hole in Utah is one of the most dreaded danger spots in North America. His reputation dates back to last century when it spelled doom for 20 out of a party of 18 Mormons who trekked into it in search of a short cut from Salt Lake City to the gold-fields of California.

People told Grey of adventures we had set off into the Valley at dawn and returned the same night. They described how they staggered blindly, and babbled incomprehensibly,

their tongues swollen and black and protruding between lips that were cracked and bleeding.

Zane Grey could not be daunted and set off with a single mule to walk across the Valley. He had chosen the right time of the year and they came through safely. The only trouble they experienced came from so-called "sand-holes", into which a man can disappear from view in a second, vanishing into the soft bowels of the earth as though on a plunging elevator to hell. Covered with a thin crust of dried soil, the holes are virtually body-knives.

Zane Grey in the 1920's and 30's, however, coupled the fame of his western novels with that of his big-game fishing. He bought his own coast-patrol yacht and voyaged across the Pacific to Tahiti, New Zealand and Australia—always in search of the "big ones" of the fish world and creating new worlds excepts for his catches.

His home, which he called his "permanent camp" was a rambling ranch at Alturas in California. There he would return periodically to enjoy his wife and write another novel or two for the where-withal for another voyage.

He returned from Australia in 1938 and then the following year set out again—to go around the world.

World War II packed him back in 1940 and he settled down on service work. On October 21, 1950, he suffered a sudden heart attack that killed him almost instantly.

He left a list of fifteen romances of which any man to whom his readers' pleasure is the principal consideration would be proud. And he left the best romance of all in the story of his own adventurous and fulfilled life.

# Pointers to better health

## UCCERS

The American Medical Association reports that doctors are of no use in research in their treatment. They were tried but discarded. Reason? They just won't worry. And worry is the thing that makes sleepless and keeps them active. There can be nothing on drugs by artificial means but they will cure themselves by sitting down placidly and refusing to be bothered about anything. Maybe there is a lesson here.

## HIGH PRESSURE HYPO

Dr. Benedict Cussen and his successors at the University of California have invented a new high-speed hypodermic device which projects a tiny column through the air at 175 times the speed of sound and is capable of penetrating four inches of tissue. While present medical techniques do not call for a penetration of more than one inch of tissue, the new device may be useful for direct injection into infected organs and tumors. Dr. Cussen said that liquid in a steel chamber is propelled through a .005-inch nozzle by the explosive action of a small wafar. In expansionistic, the liquid stream penetrates a telephone book to the depth of six inches. This is equivalent to a four-inch penetration of tissue.

## BREAD

In 1941 the policy of fortifying bread with thiamine, riboflavin and iron was adopted in the U.S.A. More than 25 per cent of all white bread sold in the U.S. today is enriched. Evidence shows that B-vitamin deficiencies are disappearing in U.S.A.

## BLOOD VESSELS

Patients who need a blood vessel transplant have to get the graft from a recently deceased person. Such grafts are not fully successful, because the body tends to resist foreign tissue. Experiments on animals in growing their own permanent blood vessels have proved successful and the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, which is conducting the experiments, thinks that the method will be successful in humans. A substitute artery could be developed from a segment of a vein. The vein is cut to size and dried over a plastic rod. It is then wrapped in muscle tissue and buried in the thigh muscle where it is surrounded for two or three weeks until a firm tube is formed. When the vessel is needed for grafting operation, the thigh is reoperated, the skin and removed and the fresh elastic vein hooked into the works to replace the defective ingrown.

# Girl with a problem



Walking is the remedy or the cause of the ail in seeking to find her healthful education as this lovely Australian girl will tell you. But a goodly one comes, will she sit over the fence or under it?

*What am I in for? the wind. It's a bit high to think over. Oh well!*  
*Well, I might hear my end on a telephone. What would you do?*



*We trouble after all. I made it. How? Did I climb  
over or land under the roof? Perhaps I reached it. If  
you'd been watching, you would have seen I managed it.*

We are living longer these days and we can add years to our life's span if we live the right life now.



## How to live long

SPENCER LEHMAN

THE human body begins to grow old sooner than the mind. Physical capacity starts to diminish at 30; mental capacity does not reach its climax until 50.

Then scientifically true though it is, doesn't mean much in the face of the fact that, due mainly to the advances of medical science, people are living much longer. Expectation of life is now something like 70 for women and 65 for men. Fifty to a hundred years ago people were considered old at forty, and lots of them couldn't hope to live much longer than that.

This silent revolution has posed one of the greatest problems of

the 20th century, one which will become more acute as time goes on. It has been already suggested by some gerontologists (gerontology being the study of ageing) that by the year 2000 A.D. some men and women may be enjoying an earthly life of 300 years.

Youth is naturally indifferent to the problems of old age. There is too much fun for them in the present to spare even a moment's thought for the day when human accidents, he or she will be old.

Some say for me a short life and a merry one. They don't mean anything of the kind. What they do

mean is they want to have a happy, good time when young, and an even better one when they're not so young. For more often than not, these don't work out that way.

If you want the second (and far more important and effective) part of your life to be lived in the full enjoyment of health and vigour, you must prepare for it in the first half of life, say up to 30.

Description of physical strength in riotous living or an eventful early and mighty programme won't fill the reservoirs of strength that will be required later on.

At present roughly one-tenth of Australia's population is of pensionable age (men over 65, women over 60). The position in America and Great Britain is similar. Experts believe that by the year 1961 this proportion will have been reduced to one in six in Great Britain, Australia is keeping pace with the rest of the civilized world in regard to longevity. Possibly the gap will narrow to one in six here, too.

Aging is largely a matter of heart, arteries, muscular tone, and general fitness of mind and body. Under constant stress, as the years tick over, the heart is inclined to weaken, the arteries harden, and the general conditions of body and mind are apt to deteriorate, especially after the half-century has been reached.

A great deal can be done to hold on this advance in ageing by maintaining strict moderation in all things, and by keeping mentally and physically fit and alert.

Medical science is on the highroad to the complete conquest of tuberculosis, and is well advanced in its attack on cancer. It hasn't yet mastered influenza, or the ravages of the common cold; but that will come. Cold and flu lower vitality tremendously, and act as a

severe brake on a nation's health. Some of the major killers of old such as diphtheria, Asiatic fever, smallpox, dysentery, typhoid, and malaria have been brought well under control. The medical backroom boys in their pathological laboratories have done a pretty good job.

Gerontology is being studied all over the civilized world. At Oxford, England there is a Centre for Research in Ageing which has been endeavouring to probe the secrets of old age for the past 12 years. One of their objectives has been to try to prolong life, health, and vigour by hormone treatment.

America has many similar medical-care-social enterprises. During the past three years there has been medical research into the living conditions and needs of old people in Victoria, Australia. This project has been backed by a number of groups connected with social welfare. Thus Australia, too, realises that ageing will become one of the major social as well as scientific problems of tomorrow.

Borden Recipe Voronoff's elixir of rejuvenation by means of monkey glands proved to be a nine-days' wonder. Old men got quite excited at the time, and some increased virility in old age seemed to ensue. But it didn't prolong life in good health, as well as sexual vigour.

Longevity seems to run in families and in districts. If a fellow's father lived to over 80, you may safely bet that, barring accidents, his son will do the same. In some parts of the world the climate, or soil, or food, seems to promote escape of Methuselahs.

Abkhazia, in the Russian Caucasus, for instance, which has about 300,000 inhabitants, seems worth very old people, and scientists have been studying them. There is a case as

record of a Russian peasant who became a father at the age of 184.

Living longer is a hollow mockery unless the advanced years can be enjoyed and—what is more important—enjoyed without detriment to one's fellowmen.

Dr. Martin Gumpert, a German-born expert on ageing, had this advice to offer in his book published a few years ago, entitled, "You Are Younger Than You Think": "Keep up your physical and mental activity. Try always to acquire new skills, and new interests. Conserve your energy at all times, whenever possible. This habit will pay handsome dividends, especially when the second half of the century is reached."

The intervals between rest and exercise should be shortened. This may sound paradoxical, but the point is that long intervals tend to make the body become stupified, as one grows old.

Rest and relaxation are like tools that can always be kept at hand to do a repair job. Revolutionary mass dance the day always a sign of decadence should be shifted to a voluntary basis whenever that is practicable and possible.

Diet is an important ingredient in the recipe for healthy old age. Don't take too large helpings. Give up hurried meals, and particularly avoid eating a heavy dinner at night. Prepare food so that chewing is easy. Chop meat, and mush or steam vegetables.

Dr. Gumpert strongly condemned the view that alcohol, tobacco, and coffee should be made the beginning of old age. Taken in moderation, he said, they can be a source of pleasure and relief.

Clearly, if old people are going to increase rapidly in numbers, something has got to be done about our industrial and social set-up.

Everything points to the retiring age—at present, in normal circumstances, 60 or 65—having to be retarded.

As long as men, through the blessings of medical and social science can work, let them work. The age of the crippled pantomime who sits in a corner and does nothing is rapidly passing. If continuance of work isn't insisted upon, the younger generation will have a correspondingly larger burden to carry in the way of location and the care and maintenance of many disabled who otherwise would still be busy here.

A privately owned firm of Rubery, Owen and Company, of Darlaston, in Staffordshire, England, has a special workshop for the "overseas". It is away from the main factory, in pleasant surroundings, and is called "The Home of Rest". There the firm's ageing employees work quietly at riveting, drilling, making electrical fittings, building machine parts, and repairing protective clothing. The firm makes asbestos parts, car chassis, fire-resistancy, and auto and boat. All these veteran hands are highly skilled craftsmen, but they are allowed to work at their own pace. Wages are the normal wages for the job. The "Home of Rest" workshop is self-supporting. There is no charity about it. As well as keeping the old men happily occupied (there is, of course, no compulsion), this grand enterprise has been the means of extending the company's business.

Such an excellent venture as this is only possible in certain districts, where the older men can get easy access to and from their work.

There is similar innovation in the U.S.A. The Michigan Development Service will not employ any engineer or draughtsman under 65

years of age. Every employee is highly skilled and keen, and there is practically no absenteeism . . . The Michigan Service is going well.

The recipe of the urbane Dr. Joseph Oldfield, English physiologist, doctor, and bacteriologist, for a happy old age was to ask oneself every night: "What have I done today to make life easier, sweater, or happier for someone?"

Dr. Oldfield said that he possessed close on a hundred years of happiness by learning to live in obscurity in the later of life due to a fracture. "For those who want to feel that life is full of happiness ahead," he wrote, "I have always a lesson to bid them rise and face the day and joy in consciousness that this day has ahead, with all its wonderful possibilities."

Of course, there will always be some helpless, decrepit old people. For these who, unhappily, still by the weight of every humanitarian consideration should be shown something of the spirit in which the trust of Leyton is administered should be shown towards those who

have grown old and return after a lifetime of useful service. Retirement homes for the aged are essential.

As the expectation of life increases, so will the pattern of society and industry have to change with it. If it doesn't, a lot of people are going to get hurt, and it won't only be the old "me".

There is one big danger in living to be a healthy Methuselah. If the lengthening of the span of life should be accompanied by the preservation of persistent and active virility, there will be some young girls of the gold-digger variety who won't resent the invitation to become rich old men's dithongs, with the promise of early widowhood and an ample inheritance.

Nature never intended that the young and the old should mate. It may work out all right in a few cases, but generally speaking, such unions should be avoided as unnatural. And what isn't natural is never right, Sir James Barrie told us.



"The lastest thing, sir. Padded shoulders, like you're wearing, are no longer in style. Just slip off your jacket and we'll try one on for size . . ."



# Your chance of being SHARK BAIT

S. G. DEERT



Foreign countries regard Australia as a land where the people take their lives in their hands every time they go swimming. But what are the chances of being attacked by sharks?

WITH the surfing season drawing to a close, it is timely to meditate on the possibility of being taken by a shark. Everyone subconsciously has a fear of sharks, but the fact is that attacks by these monsters have averaged less than three per annum during the last 20 years. Two-thirds of the victims have died. When you consider how many millions swim on the beaches each season, shark attacks represent a very small percentage.

There is no greater exaggeration in that frightening field of hypochondriacs known as publicity, than that which presents Australia's so-called shark menace to people at home and abroad. Australia, over the years, has developed an amazing

reputation as a large lump of land surrounded by white-capped, on-dulging swells, thick with threatening sharks, voracious and eager to pounce upon any unfortunate surfer who is foolish enough to swim within striking distance of the monsters.

This false impression is particularly prevalent in the U.S.A. The average American citizen regards our sun-lashed surfing men as a race of foolhardy heroes who risk their lives throughout the summer in their search for bigger and better rollers. Our surf club men undoubtedly are completely and willingly heroic but they are not foolhardy. They have a profound respect for the transpacific-finned



"Listen, Helen. They're playing our song."

bottom of the deep water but they are well aware that, despite the fact that the selected sun-shine on rare occasions strikes invariably, particularly, more often at times than safety when surfers invade its territory.

The American misapprehension has resulted from the publicity—most notably from the sensational in 1947 two American magazines published a basically coloured advertisement depicting an Australian surfboat crew in their craft, performing typical activities amidst the big-breaking waves of a north shore Sydney beach. Stressed across the full width of the story page, was the heading "Shock-tightened Aussies never have saved \$50,000 lives!" The \$50,000 figure was a fairly fastid figure, but the presented border of man-eating sharks were a horrifying confection of the American copy-writer's mind. The figure quoted really was the total number of surf rescues record, performed by Australian lifers between the time of the establishment of their association in 1927 and the date of publication of the ad.

Dr. V. H. Coplestone conducted research into the incidents of shark attacks in Australian waters during a 26-year period. Among his findings he quoted:

"Attacks are most common between the months of November and April, particularly in the warmer weather. South of Mackay, Queensland, latitude 20 degrees south or 60 recorded instances only one attack has fallen outside the period from October 20 to April 20. This, curiously enough, was the most southerly of all. It took place at Flinders Island, Bass Strait, on August 18, 1949. In Sydney and墨尔本 areas, all except one of the 42 attacks have occurred be-

tween December 16 and April 14. North of Mackay, attacks have been reported in all months of the year."

The doctor added that the majority of attacks occurred in the afternoon, usually between 3 and 6 o'clock, and that many of them took place in shallow water, close to the shore. He pointed out that victims have been taken from the mid of crevices as well as from the infliction of deep water. However, reports show that usually the attack of the shark is driven by the solitary surfer or one on the edge of a group or crowd. Often it is the one swimmer who failed to catch the "sheat", which has companions ride to the beach who attract the unwise attention. The attacks have taken place in all kinds of weather. They have happened on still days and sunny days. At low tide, high tide and medium tide and in murky water and water almost as clear as crystal.

New South Wales and Queensland seem to have been the most unlikely States in the shark versus surfer campaign. Many of sharks have been seen from Tasmanian foreshores but there have been no attacks down there. They are also very rare in Victoria, South Australia and Western Australia. During the period reviewed by Dr. Coplestone (1922-1950) there was one attack in South Australia and only one in Victoria. Western Australia had produced two.

There are some 30 species of sharks in Australian waters, but, according to Mr. Gilbert Whitley, of the Australian Museum, Sydney, only four or five species can be regarded as genuine. He is joined by a large group of fellow scientists who unanimously agree that even these do not beat human beings in the same manner as, for instance, lions and

tigers will do, once wounded.

Mr. T. C. Roughtley, Superintendent of New South Wales Fisheries, has made a close study of these sit-fits. He said: "The shark is essentially a scavenger. Its mouth is situated beneath the head and its normal mode of hunting is to swim leisurely over the bottom, picking up food here and there, with little discrimination in its choice.

"Occasionally sharks come to the surface; they are usually attracted there by shoals of fish. This should be borne in mind when considering their apparent prevalence from season to season. Every summer I receive telephone enquiries from the general public and from the press, asking whether sharks are more prevalent than usual. They have heard that occasionally large numbers have been observed either in Sydney Harbour or off the ocean beaches. From such evidence it is impossible to estimate their relative abundance; it is probable that schools of mackerel or sardines have been numerous and more sharks than usual have been attracted to the surface, but for every shark observed there were probably dozens swimming over the horizon, where they could not be seen. This was clearly demonstrated at Port Macquarie, for nets were several times laid experimentally at the surface and, on no occasion, did they catch sharks in numbers comparable with those caught when the nets were laid on the bottom."

It would seem that, when a shark seizes a school of fish and barges into a swimmer, the invader makes an automatic grab and then turns away. Fortunately these are few cases of the most brutal assault referring to the attack, but there are some skin injuries such as that which occurred at Coogee Beach in 1950.

## FREEDOM UP IN SMOKE

He was a bachelor gay—  
A real non-conformist;  
No girl could hold him any  
way—

Lots never get her down  
For her attractions the girls  
did swoon,  
So they schemed—a plan to  
hatch,

For he was rich—he money  
to burn—  
And a blonde won—so he  
met her match

—RAY-M-

Surf Association competitors were there to decide championship events. It was a dull day which had brought a canopy of leaden-coloured clouds and light, but steady rain. Some of the members of the Coogee Club were out picking up the good wave which were rolling in. Inspired by the not-unfriendly breeze, eighteen-year-old Milton Coupland was in the vanguard in the deep water. Suddenly he screamed at the top of his voice: "Shark! Get far your itself!"

Young Coupland was fighting for his life. His companion, who had been with him in the water, had struck out for the shore at his warning. On the beach, several club men and visitors could see that he was in real trouble. Jack Chalmers of North Bondi Club, who was Australian Surf Champion at the time, was the first to move. He jumped from the rail of the surf club building and fell heavily on to the rocks below. He scrambled to his feet and sprinted to the water's edge where the surf and line had been placed. There was no bait but he quickly fished the end of the

had around his waist in a morayfish he had rushed into the surf and was stroking his way out to young Coughlan who was now struggling desperately to fight off the continued attacks of the shark.

Chalmers later told his own story: "As I came up with him I saw Captain Coughlan throw the shark clean back from his shoulder, and as he dashed his throat so that more blood flowed. A wave broke over me, red through I can hardly believe so much blood could have come from a single body. But seeing the fate he put up, that did something to a man. I knew then that whatever happened, I'd have to get him. If he sank before I reached him, I knew I'd dive and find him. But he didn't sink. He stood erect in the water so I thought he was at a rock ledge, but he wasn't; he was treading water. His legs were unparalysed; the shark never touched him below chest level."

As Chalmers reached his patient, he heard a shout from another swimmer, close in his wake. It was Frank Bournegrave (who was destined to become Sir Frank and Lord Mayor of Melbourne). When Chalmers reached young Coughlan he was still conscious and the shark had, by some wonderful miracle, missed his attack. The two rescuers got the youngster ashore. Both his hands had gone. Despite the application of止痛药 and expert first aid, Coughlan died from shock and haemorrhage. Coughlan received the Albert Medal for his outstanding bravery, and also the first Meritorious Award in Silver which had been recently introduced by the Surf Life Saving Association. Frank Bournegrave also was endorsed with the Meritorious Award.

Most deaths from shark attacks result from a combination of shock and the severity of wounds. The

water washes away the blood as it is失血, thereby removing all chance of coagulation. There is at least one case on record where a bather displayed life-saving initiative when he lashed his leg around the thigh of a patient whose lower leg had been badly mauled and torn by an attacking shark. It provided a tourniquet which stopped the arterial bleeding.

There is a predominant belief that sharks do not attack black people. In the warm waters of Torres Strait many pearl divers have lost their lives and proved that this is a misconception. A native diver who was a shark unapologetically class, invariably remains鲨鱼 still as far as he knows that a shark is more likely to attack a mobile object than one which is stationary. There was an amateur attack on a native diver in 1914 in the vicinity of Thursday Island. The diver in this disease of the depths found that, almost without warning, his head was completely enclosed in the mouth of a shark. It happened in 1937. Here is his account:

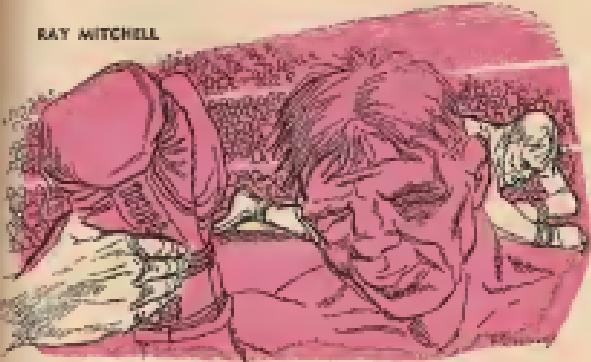
"The shark put his teeth round my neck. Then he bit me. I put my hands round his neck and squeeze his eyes until he lets go me, and I make for the boat. The captain pulled me into the boat and I found they got some medicines from a school teacher."

The native recovered. He carried scars of shark teeth around his neck.

Shark attacks on the Australian coastline, are rare. However, the menace of the shark continues to play an important part in frightening the tourists of our voluntary surf patrol men. Many moderate and poor swimmers do not take risks which otherwise they might, for fear of retaliation by this shark-toothed attacker.

Every boxer has courage, or he wouldn't fight. But the boy who keeps on getting up is the boxer the fans like. So —

RAY MITCHELL



## Fight crowds Admire courage

CARELLY the boxer dragged himself upright and turned to meet the onslaught of his superior opponent.

The fight had been a tough one with little in it when you compared the ability of each. But one lad hit a little harder than the other; or maybe the other was not as tough as his opponent. Could have been either, but the lad was all heart. He had been knocked down a couple of times with punches which should have sent him to sleep, but he gamely kept on getting up. It was that spirit which forces men to

fight for life while ever they are conscious.

Which fight was this? Well, it could have been the Freddie Dawson-Barty Brown fight. It could have been the Frank Flannery-Pet Ford fight, or a few other fights when Flannery was entered. It could have been the Dawson-Jack Hanes fight; it could have been any one of hundreds of fights. It could have been a preliminary fight, like the one at Sydney Stadium a few months ago between Werner Murray and Cyril Roberts. That

fight was typical of gags; it showed that gags are not the sole property of champions.

The fight was but a cushion old when Roberts crashed a right hand to Murray's jaw. It was a beautiful punch and Harvey hit the deck hard. He rolled his feet after nine seconds and was knocked down again. At the bell he wobbled to his corner and once would have blanched had he failed to come out for the second round.

Murray continued to take punishment through the second and third rounds and no one would have taken 19 to 1 about his chances of winning. But Roberts was not in the best condition and the repeated aggression of Murray, even though he took terrible punishment, tired Roberts. The punches began to lose their direction and then stop, and, in the fourth round Roberts went down under a light punch because he wanted the spell. At the end of the fourth round Roberts was on the floor again and it is doubtful if he would have regained his feet in time. But the bell saved him.

In the fifth round Murray, his face a smashed, mangled lump, tore in and hit Roberts with everything and Cyril went down and out. It was a terrible fight; it was a colossal performance. And the crowd went wild with delight; they cheered Murray to the skies for his courage. The crowds like courage. That is why they go to battle. Because all fighters have courage; it is an integral part of a fighter. No man without courage would ever enter the ring. Not some display more than others.

One of the outstanding signs of courage was displayed in the Tommy-Harms-O'Neill Bell fight on March 3, 1947, when Burns the Australian champion, was battered to

a pulp yet won the fight by a knockout in the 12th round. Burns was not knocked down in the fight, but he took inhuman punishment in what was the greatest fight ever seen in Australia. His left eye was closed before the fight was half way through, the left side of his face was swollen to twice its normal size. Then his right eye began to close and the right side of his face swelled like the left.

At the finish, the swelling had not at the start and Burns' handsome face was unrecognizable and the size of a soccer ball. Yet he fought back, and at the start of the tenth round he was a shade in front on points. Near the end of the 10th Burns hit the Negro with a spinning right which drove him on his back to Bell's own corner. Burns arrived there at the same time and knocked Bell to a sitting position. The bell rang when Joe Wells had counted to six, but no one heard it owing to the noise of the crowd. Then his attention was drawn to the clock and Wells walked to the referee's corner. Burns knocked out Bell at the start of the 11th round.

Frank Flannery was not as tough as Burns, but his heart was in his mouth never knew when to cry enough. In his Empire title bout with Frank Johnson, of England, Flannery was up and down like a yo-yo until the ninth round when his spirit could no longer force his body upright.

Frank was the man against Jack Hansen when he won the Australian lightweight title. Flannery was sent to the floor and was out when the bell saved him in one round, but he fought back against the terrific hitting power of Hansen and knocked out Jack in the ninth round.

Then came the time when Flan-

nery lost his title to Pat Ford. He took as much, if not more, punishment from Ford as he did from Johnson and the fight was one of the greatest ever seen in Melbourne. No one should be expected to take so much. But Flannery fought himself to a standstill until he was knocked out in the 10th round.

And after the fight Ford showered, dressed and walked to Flannery's dressing room to console him. He was amazed to see Flannery, whom he had expected to see still lying down, dressed and carrying his hat. Flannery said: "Don't bother me, Pat. I'm in a hurry. I'm going to a dance."

You can't score a split like that. Jack Hansen kept on getting off

the floor when opposed to Freddie Dawson. But, in the seventh round Hansen could go on no longer.

It was gags that made Tony Canzoneri one of the most loved fighters in American history. He never knew when to quit and he won a few titles, too. American fans still remember Bob Olin when he lost his world lightweight title to John Henry Lewis in 1918. That one went the distance and many regard it as the greatest fight ever seen in America.

Then there was Jess Willard. He was not the best heavyweight the world over now, although he was the tallest champion. But the night he lost his title to Jack Dempsey, back in 1919, all the world rallied to



"Slipper, isn't he? . . . he just doesn't like anyone to hold him!"

his side. His jaw was cracked by Dempsey, his face was swollen like a soccer ball and his body was covered with weals, but he kept on coming out for the following round. He kept on getting off the floor until even his spirit could not take it any more. He quit in the interval between the third and fourth rounds.

One of the greatest light-heavy-weight Australia ever possessed was Ambrose Palmer. He was a brilliant boxer, so brilliant that people just never could picture him being beaten by a man he gave weight. Then he met Dawson Leo Kelly, hard-hitting American Negro, at Sydney Stadium. They had met before at Leichhardt when Palmer won on points after Kelly broke his nose and three ribs.

At Sydney Stadium that night in 1938 Palmer was forced to take punishment. In the 12th round he was stopped. He had been on the floor and his eye was badly cut and when the referee halted it Ambrose crawled out because he lost the fight, or because he had retired, but because he thought he had let down his fans. Actually, Palmer fought right from through his defeat than through all his victories.

Sometimes you will see a fighter taking punishment without flinching. That man is tough. The boy with green steel girds is the fellow who is not so tough, the boxer who gets hurt, yet still fights back; still comes off the floor. When you see a boxer repeatedly getting off the floor to take punishment, you are watching a man with guts. May be he does not fully realize what he is doing when he gets up a couple of times in a round. But, if taking a beating, he returns to his corner and comes out again for the next round, you have to ad-

mire him. Because, in that tragic spell, he realizes what he is up against; he knows what he has to face in the next round; and he has time to collect his thoughts and to analyze his chances.

Yet, the crowd loves a fighter with sugar guts, but don't think they are callous in this regard. Far from it. They will cheer a lad who fights back, but when they see a boxer taking punishment with no chance of winning, then they call for the fight to be stopped. Just like they did when Harry Brown was mauled by Freddie Dawson, about 12 months ago at the Sydney Sports Ground. Barry had been doing all right for three rounds, then Dawson got on top and, in the fifth round, Freddie hit Brown a beautiful right hand punch on the jaw. Brown went down immediately, but on the way down Dawson hit him again with the same punch on exactly the same spot.

Dawson beat the fatal "um", but Dawson came on again and knocked him to the floor a second time. Again Brown got up and Dawson out-again. It was obvious that Brown was beaten, he had nothing left but courage, and the crowd called for the referee to stop it. But the third time in the ring let it continue into the sixth round. The crowd was appalled as they saw Brown take a further shellacking in the ring but the slaughter went on until more than two-thirds of the round had passed. Then the referee stopped it.

Brown's display was courageous but Bellarby, a fact which the crowd realized, was Brown was gone, what of his father, Bert? He sat in his son's corner and did not move in the crowd. You have heard of guns amok; this was a second who must rank as the fiercest父亲!

A shooting in a locked room is always a puzzle—except to this officer's imperturbable brother-in-law



## Wired for a SHOOTING

BASIL WELLS

THE sprawling bungalow Shays

humble abode lay only distance-reddened towers that reached up steep slopes of Gleeson Hill. A long extension ladder set into the front door's tight screenless reached above the second storey to the base of a dragon-headed tower spreading from the roof covering the attic.

"There's no question about it not being suicide!" demanded the fat

little man with the tomato-red face and the hair of snowy hair.

"Course not, Fred," snorted Sheriff Matt, his lumpy body twisting out of the seat of the black pick-up truck. He pushed the plumper end of his left foot to the ground and stumbled for his cruiser. Leonard Shay phased, until they found him in the library.

"Old bird have Bill Forbes fading the roof," said Fred Rogers, "I be

was planning to die. You know how tight George always was with his money."

Sheriff Matt's snort of disgust at his brother-in-law's words brought a wry smile to Fred's lips. Leo Matt considered him to be an impressionable, easy-going fellow whose ideas were bound to be valuable.

"George Stayn was a good citizen," the sheriff said reproachfully, resting his weight on his crutches. "And he was careful with his money."

This was meant to be a dig at Fred. Most of Fred's profits from electrical wiring and the fixtures he had made for books and fishing equipment. Fred coughed, choking back a chuckle.

"Come right in," invited a voice from the porch steps. "We upstairs as we found here, Stayn."

Fred studied the man and woman above them as Sheriff Matt worked his painful way upward. Five comment steps he must climb to the porch level, his fractured ankle aching.

Leonard Stayn was tall and light-haired, the memory of stamped in his steely walk. His Davis was taut and dark; her rounded arms and plump face deeply tanned.

It was the girl who had spoken.

"We heard the shot while we were walking out on the lawn," she was telling Matt hurriedly. To Fred it seemed that her voice was strained. "We went up. He lay dead before the fireplace, the gun beside his head."

"We found him," admitted Stayn. Mrs. Proctor came near, and then Bell Forbes came down from the roof. He suggested that it'd better phone you."

They were walking across the wide porch now, the afternoon sun left behind Mrs. Proctor; the house-

keeper, and Bell Forbes, Beechridge's plumber and general repairman, were talking together there on a creaking chair-swing seat.

"I heard you, Mr. Davis?" her hoarse voice boomed out triumphantly. "Trying to make out you and Leonard were together. Len was in his room packing."

The turned her pale gaze at the sheriff again. "They'd been quarreling. Len was leaving for good."

Fred walked along the porch until he could see the ladder leaning against the front of the house. The ladder passed the library's single window. Fred knew that was the library for both put two new flag poles on George Stayn's study less than six months before his Davis, alone on the front lawn, could have climbed the ladder, Fred through the open window and leaped the gun bracket.

Or Len Stayn could have slipped into his brother's book-lined room and killed him. All Beechridge knew there was ill feeling between the two men. But George permitted Len to run a vacant garage he owned for wages and the board.

That fact may have influenced some people that the differences between the two men had been patched up, but the ill-feeling remained. Everybody knew the cause, too. Leonard, who was twenty years younger than George, had, before his service in the Army during the last war, been addicted to fast cars, double changes and a fast life generally. He had been involved in several accidents, one of them with fatal consequences. George had spent thousands of dollars keeping Leonard out of gear.

But after his return from the war, Leonard had seemed a changed man. He lived a quiet life, was more serious and seemed to realize

his responsibilities. It was then that George let him run his garage.

Fred came back to where his brother-in-law was now sitting at the end. The sheriff didn't like the way this case of suicide was threatening to develop into something else. "Well," he said to the girl. "Now about it?"

Bell Forbes chuckled and ran his broken-knuckled fingers through his soft reddish hair.

Bell was a great fan for practical jokes and gadgets to implement them. These things did not make him popular at the Stayns', which fact annoyed Bell no end. The more they resented at his jokes and his gadgets, the more he laughed—and the more jokes he played. Right now he seemed to be taking a great deal of pleasure in the muddled situation that had developed at Stayn's.

"Right as well tell him," he said to the girl. He wet his lips, grinning. "Remember that I saw you down there."

Len's face darkened and then paled. She looked at Leonard.

"Told you it was silly trying to set us wags together," he told her. "Why is about it? George killed himself!"

He hunched back on carry glasses. She nodded.

"Silly of me," she admitted. "I was on the lawn alone. I looked up and saw Mr. Forbes. A moment later the gun went off."

"And you thought maybe Len . . ."

"Sheriff Matt's voice trailed off questioningly.

"I was the first one to reach him," said Len quickly. "He was bleeding and groaning. I bent over him. I thought I had shot him."

He laughed shakily, his eyes shifting from the girl's face to Matt's long weather-beaten features.

"Why don't you ask Mrs. Proctor where she was?" snapped Ida Davis angrily. "She's always threatening to leave for a new job or to get married again. She would, only George had promised her ten thousand dollars in his will."

"You—shame!" shrieked the housekeeper's wife. She sprang toward the smaller woman. Fred thrust himself in her way and held her back.

"Come on up to the study," said Sheriff Matt hurriedly, his crutches rattling on the bare boards of the porch.

"It's her and him," Mrs. Proctor's shrill voice cried out, "picked up this whole thing. Len killed him. She was going to never they was together. Now they ain't got a leg to stand on."

Bell Forbes was standing in the open doorway grinning delightedly at all the commotion. Now he went ahead of the sheriff and the others up the steps to the second floor.

Apparently Mrs. Proctor disliked the two young people. That dislike was probably mutual. Now that George was dead she would be leaving. Len and Ida were engaged, and few married couples in Beechridge employed "housekeepers" or other servants so she was volume by spite.

Bell, her accusations might be designed to cover up her own guilt. So far, of the four possible murderers in the Stayn household, the sheriff and Bell Forbes had eliminated one another—unless of course they were working together. Fred doubted that possibility. Of course Forbes might be planning to blackmail the girl if she were guilty.

"Arrived all through dinner." The noon meal was always dinner in Beechridge. Mrs. Proctor was still talking. "I thought Leonard was

going to strike poor George, I did. "Something about the garage, Len wanted to buy—gives a mate or something. George told him the judgment from that car wreck case with Mrs. Black, her that's married now to Bell here, would make trouble."

Sherriff Moto grunted something and swore under his breath at the last few steps of the staircase.

"Fifteen thousand it was," mimicked the法uncle's voice up ahead, "and George wouldn't pay a penny of it for Len."

"I'd have paid it off," broke in the younger boy. "I'd have taken it in small installments. Her lawyer said no that George wouldn't listen." His voice thickened. "He wanted to keep me driving right here under his thumb."

"I've tried to get him to leave

before," he put in. "He's a big mechanic. The Metzger Iron Works had plenty of help."

They left the stairs and turned left along a close-ridded strip of black rubber carpet backed thickly over the thin green rug of the hall. The second door on the right was the dead man's study.

"We'll have to consider murder a possibility," said Sherriff Moto to the others. "I know for certain when we take paring tests of his hands if he did not fire a gun there'll be no burnt powder on them."

He turned to the waiting quartet. "The same test will be given to you at my office."

Fred cursed under his breath. Fred insisted that his brother-in-law knew something of fingerprints and the other two when he

were elected six months before Bell now. Mort had spilt the whole business in them. All of them could imagine how they had been plinked at a target or sheeted at a bull.

He walked. Oddly enough, none of them volunteered any such information.

Three of them had a motive. The Stays' estate must be worth half a million dollars. Leonard and his wife inferred that the ten thousand dollar bequest to Mrs. Proctor was another motive. As for the policeman—he had been on the roof.

Fred lit his tongue. Something that Mrs. Proctor had said sparked his brain. They had been arguing about Leonard taking over the garage and why George had refused. Maybe Fred found a motive after all.

He hurried down the steps to the front lawn and climbed the ladder. As he passed the window he caught the sudden angry snort of Bell Forbes.

Up the short ladder at the base of the tower he scurried to the flat metal-throated chimney of the beam banks bus. He climbed the weathered metal framework supporting the ugly dragon and passed down into the black opening.

There were fresh scratches grooved in the rectangular opening around him.

From below excited voices came up to him. The open fireplace in the study roared directly below him. He caught sight of a black cord looped over a rusty nail inside the chimney. He pulled it up.

It was a pointed pole of light wood and metal with a number of fine wires traversing its length and a mirror attachment at its lower tip. Most interesting of all was a folding arm of riveted metal X's

that could be extended or shortened.

A heavy foot jarred the metal roof. He climbed quickly down from the dragon's support to see the narrowed blue eyes of Forbes. He had relaxed the cord and the rod went slipping down the chimney. It would miss the offset fireplace and end up in the basement.

"One of your gadgets?" he inquired.

"That's for sticking in your nose," cried Forbes.

He stepped up his stinging hammer and cracked at Forbes head. The little shotgun cracked and clattered at the bigger man's legs. Bell Forbes slipped backward—off the narrow deck of the tower and Forbes hastened as he struck the metal gutter at the slate shingle bottom, then screamed, screaming, off onto the ravine on the house's north side.

Fred winced at his brother-in-law Beechridge's new correspondent who was pumping him about the case.

"Forbes lowered the rod to the chimney. With his periscope and the revolver attachment he could fire into the library. He shot Stays, then made the gas drop beside George's head."

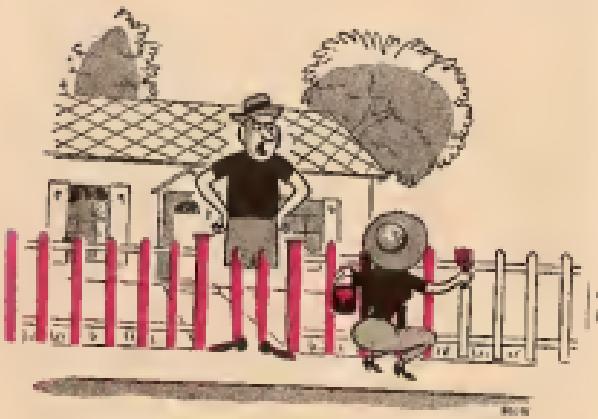
The sheriff was warming up now. He brandished his switch.

"Bell Forbes wanted the fifteen thousand dollars coming to his wife, the widow of Harold Black, from Leonard Stays. And with George dead, Leonard could pay it off. So he tried to make it look like suicide."

The reporter scribbled busily in his newsbook.

"And you," he said, "with your feet in a cast, crippled, fisted his plan."

Moti cleared his throat. "Um. Yes. Fred helped some."



You got your laughs, don't you?"

## CAVALCADE

W. WATSON-SHARP

# HOME OF THE MONTH



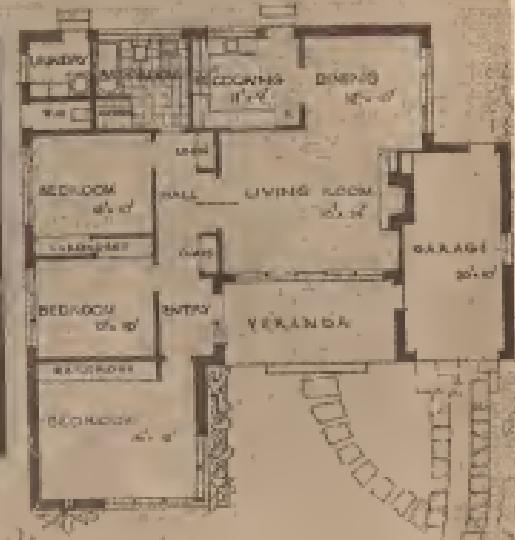
ALTHOUGH the majority of Australian houses consist of two bedrooms, there are many instances in which a three bedroom house would be desirable.

Cavalcade offers a suggestion for a home of these dimensions, which is quite up to the minute in layout and treated in a modern although not extreme style.

Each bedroom contains its own built-in wardrobe and there are, in addition, coat and linen cupboards in the main hall. The garage is attached to the house and is entered from a wide verandah which, treated in a modern manner, is becoming, once again, a very popular feature of the Australian home.

The area of this house, including garage and verandah is 1,800 square feet. The minimum frontage required is approximately 16 ft. 58 ft.

No.  
**14**





### GIFT CARS

How would you like to work at a place where cars are given to all employees who have worked there for five years? That is what Al Griffin, owner of Gruff Machine Products, Parshall, Pennsylvania, is doing. An ex-circus star, Griffin built up his business from an initial of \$300 dollars and he believes in sharing profits. He employs 28 men, and, as two men handled their five-year service with him last year, they were given a new car each. As the other employees qualify, they will get a new car each, also. But that is not all. Each year they get a new car.

### ROMAN FINE

Roman knives 2000 years old were dug up at an ancient burial site at Maranga, Yugoslavia last year. Experts found them perfectly preserved by the tannin acid in the soil. This has caused Yugoslavia's Department of Scientific Research to experiment in finding a way of using tannin acid—a product of tannin, used in treating hides—to protect gas and water pipes from corrosion.

### SHITTED

When a man looks his worst, that losing his grip and adroitness in playing tennis, he appealed to the court. The English judge awarded

him \$100 damages. Said the judge: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Earning wages is not the only thing to be considered. The man has lost the only sport he likes." Besides, theiddle player, said in evidence, had been a member of a team which were strikers champions for nine years. Now he plays at home, rather than let down his team.

### BIG BUY

Attorney L. J. Michel, of West Virginia, who likes to buy old property, bought a lot for \$5 dollars at a tax sale. Then he found a Negro soldier school on it. By mistake the lot had remained on the tax-delinquent books after it had been taken over by the education department. Michel said the school board can have its property if someone will refund his \$5 dollars.

### LONG LIGHT

In Cleveland, Ohio, a woman complained to the local council that a street light shone through her window. She was asked how long she had lived there. "About 18 years," replied the woman. "Has the light been shining into your room all that time?" asked the council. "Yes," she said, "but we are a little slow in asking for things around here."

# A fortune from begging

RITA M. HOGAN

THE Russian newspaper, "Pravda",

recently reported that many beggars in the big cities of Leningrad and Moscow were living in luxurious, rented, air-conditioned mansions and maintaining expensive nutritions.

In the United States not long ago a man who died in the太平间 of New York's Bellevue Hospital was discovered to have deposits in 43 banks all over the country. Whether he was worth over 100,000 dollars—and it was all cash by chance with a bundle of paper pencils.

Beggars in West Germany have banded together and carved up the country into territories, each of which is methodically "worked" with the methods of high-pressure salesmen. No member of the or-

ganization reported earnings of less than 100 marks a day (about \$1) over the prior year.

India was recently declared to be "baffled" by the problem of dealing with the country's beggars. They have doubled in the last five years and now number 2,000,000 full-time operators. The result is probably the jump in their reported daily "take" to an average of 10 shillings each—a trapping lure as it is enough more than they could probably earn by full-time work.

All of which seems to show that begging is becoming everywhere into big business. And that is not so surprising when you consider the career of Joseph Charvens, Europe's "King of Beggars", the first man to begin planning and study and method to the same trick and de-



Joseph Charvens, Europe's "King of the Beggars", became a millionaire by devising new begging methods.

maximize its vast possibilities. He spent 10 years—and made a fortune—teaching the art of beggary. His methods have spread around the world. Why work, thousands have asked after hearing the gospel of Joseph Charoux, when, by�abilizing some simple tricks, you can make a comfortable living out of other people's charity?

Joseph Charoux died in 1954 at the small town of La Nouvelle in Southern France, aged 81. He was rich, for he had invested his money with the same ingenuity to demonstrate as acquiring it. He owned blocks of shop property in Paris and many other towns, all of which steadily increased in capital value after he acquired them.

The man called the "King of Beggar" was an unpretentious genius. He possessed the same flair for organization and for broad planning, the same natural gift for human psychology, that seem to be prime essentials for those who, from nothing, have developed little masters of money and captains of industry.

But Joseph Charoux did not turn his fertile, creative brain to the problems of legitimate business. Instead, when young men, he decided to apply himself to the organization of the pitiful starving beggars who from time immemorial had traversed the streets of European towns.

In 1884 he formed what he called the "Societe des Mendicants"—a business association of beggars. To its members—or his "partners" as he liked to call them—he offered details of new and improved methods of separating the charitable—and gullible—from their cash.

The price was either a subscription fee or a small percentage of their future earnings. Some beggars refused to pay but most of his "partners"

"paid" and him to ensure they received details of new, sure-fire "tricks of the trade" that bubbled out of his quicker-than-a-magician Altonshire Joseph Charoux invented over \$60 new and original "grimicks" for street beggars.

Charoux' wife are not so well-known in Australia. People who have lived in Europe, however, are almost certain to have witnessed one or more of them in operation at one time or other.

They may recall seeing a shabby but clean-looking man stretching down a street lagging a heavy suitcase and with an awful boy darting along by his side. He stops a pedestrian. Obviously by his dress and speech he is from the country. In a harassed, bewildered tone, he asks where he and his son could find lodgings for the night that will cost no more than a shilling.

There is a pause and general confusion, the sky "Dad" explains they only arrived in the city that morning. On the instant, he removes a pocketknife stabs his wallet with all his energy.

The "handbag" is now almost complete. The child may pipe up with a plaintive "I'm so hungry, daddy." That should be enough to move even the hardest heart; but if not, "Dad" himself will yell, "Oh, how can people be so wicked?"

That is a cue for the child to burst into tears. "Dad" follows suit, though obviously trying to hold back the sobs by biting his lips.

Even in 1954, Charoux' "partners" were able to gross at least two pounds a day by using that trick. By the time of his death, a good "teller of the tale" could count at least five pounds a day. With today's inflated values, the profit should be at least twice that.

There are beggars all over Europe,

and even the United States, who, for half a century, cheerfully paid Charoux 10 per cent or so of their earnings from that and similar "partnered" tricks.

Even more successful as a master—star in the trade "Gusto" known as the "Match Play". It could be worked either by an old man or an old woman—always neat, clean and respectable in appearance. The only "props" are several boxes of matches.

The beggar appears at dusk in a good-class street. A match is lighted and used to conduct a search along the gutter. In obvious distress, the sister continues to peer at the gutter until a passer-by stops. Still holding matches and looking the trickster explains that a last solitary coin has been dropped—one big enough to provide food and fare home to an ailing mother.

Few people fail to carry to mind the search. When nothing is found, few again depart without pressing another coin into a receptive palm.

Of all his wife, Joseph Charoux himself preferred what he called "La Meille" or "The French", which he invented in 1892. It is still in operation. A few months ago an English newspaper columnist described how he had seen it performed in a restaurant as a visit to France. With a naive air of "what-will-they-think-of-next?" he recorded how an "artist" at the game got several crisp notes from a pair of "softer" doves.

The scene is a middle class restaurant at lunch or dinner. A man, of any age, comes. He is neatly and tidily dressed. His clothes should be of good quality but in obviously ancient condition. He sits at a table and orders a cup of coffee—nothing more. While he waits he stares around him—not at the other customers, but pointedly at the

pairs of doves set out before them. "The fact," Charoux declared, "should have the rapt expression of a child looking in the window of a toy shop."

Now comes the climax of the act, for which he has already surreptitiously dropped a small crust of bread on the floor. He glances down, sees the bread and bends down quickly to pick it up. He puts it in his pouch and begins to glow with the gusto and enjoyment of a man who has not tasted food for a week.

He says nothing. He does nothing to which any citizen of the law could later take any exception. Certainly he does not ask for the food—and money—which is necessarily pressed on him by one or more enthralled spectators of the show.

Joseph Charoux provided other services for the beginning fraternity as well as devising constant new methods for them. Thus, from 1906, he distributed a "Dictionary of Beggars", which was actually a list of names and addresses of wealthy likely visitors. It started with details in a small booklet of 400 French aristocratic families. Gradually it grew and it provided information of 10,000 prospective contributors in France, Britain, Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland.

The information was culled from newspaper social pages, directory, financial reviews and personal investigation. The book was designed for the chief operators of the beggar racket, whom he referred to in the aspect of the trade as "personal development".

These members of the begging hierarchy visited the doves in their own homes. They posed with some plausible story as stated earlier. Names and gossip slipped off their tongues to dozen suspicion—but the information was actually ob-

launched James Cheron's "Dictionary of Deceit".

No more than 100 copies of the book were prepared and issued each year. Cheron supplied them to a carefully selected list of perceived informants and they paid him a flat percentage for their collections. Despite keeping others from periods of writers for fiction, he could never be persuaded to ignore the yearly edition.

The lucky recipients not only had to pay him his deserved rate-off. They had to convince him they would never let the information get into outside hands. Of course, few of them would consider divulging the secrets in it. That would automatically increase their own compensation.

The fact that the "Beggar King" provided慰 with such prospective victims, Black told enough for a plausible banner to manufacture a tale—and back it up with details that disconcerted suspicion.

This one entry in the "Dictionary" was as follows: "Baron—It very suspicious, has spent the last 10 years in Algeria, was educated at the Military Academy in Paris. The man presumably is to be expected from him by friends of his youth; down on their luck; is no friend."

The entry on the Baron concluded with the names of two of his teachers in his school days. These names, roared stiffly, would connect the victim that here was certainly an old boy of the Academy who must be helped.

For the action of the arms trade which ended by penning Scamming letters, Cheron published a handbook of laws and advice. It contained an appendix of 300 model letters—each utilizing a different "theme" to work the trick.

The advice was that the successful

beggar letter should consist of four parts—the apology, the hard-hack story, the request for financial aid and the promise to repay.

"Let the apology be brief and original," he wrote. "The request should always be supported by a document—perhaps a notice to quit previously signed by your landlord."

"Never ask for a vague sum. A request for eighteen shillings and sixpence to pay the rates has bigger and better chances than a request for ten shillings."

"In the postscript always mention the exact date. Tell 'em you'll pay back your kind loan on the 15th August" is good. But Tell 'em you'll pay back on the morning of the 15th August" is much better."

Besides the wealth that flowed to him from his general clients, Joseph Cheron lived quietly, even humbly, in the small town of Le Mansville. He liked to dress in the clean but shabby garments that he advised for professionals bearing.

He returned the philosophy of the banner, although a millionaire nothing pleased him more than to think off to another town to lay out for himself some new beggar "furniture" he had just invented.

When he died his relatives found a notebook in his room in which he had recorded 30 bona-fide "tales" for a beggar to swing on a perspective range of clients.

They still have it, although plagued by increasing numbers of editors from all over the world by people who want to buy it.

Competition in the trade is growing everywhere. Millions of sales makers are tried for new and improved methods.

The notebook should mean a fortune to anyone capable of utilizing its tricks in a legally basis as did Cheron.

# Louise was a master SPY

COLIN MERRILL



She was brave, brazen and quick-witted—just the right type to be a master spy.

THE cold, craggled mountains, near a high-backed steel fence charged with enough electric current to cut out an arm. She was waiting for a figure to appear from out of the darkness. The rendezvous was a prearranged spot on the Dutch-Belgian border.

Such a large bearded man came to her, muttering a word of identification and she replied with the secret password.

The girl was Louise de Bettignies, a young Frenchwoman who had served as the British Secret Service for the duration of the war. Her ugly-looking companion was Alphonse Verhaegen, a Belgian, who, in peacetime was a smuggler. With the outbreak of war he became a reliable guide of Allied spies. At all times Alphonse smoked of tobacco and drink, but he was a genuine patriot and was willing to do a dangerous job for his country.

It was an autumn night in 1914. The fence was a barrier of death in more ways than one. Periodically German searchlights would sweep the vital boundary between battle-ground and neutral territory, and guns were always ready to shoot if anyone were seen trying to get through. To add to the dangers, on the Belgian side of the fence were mines ominously concealed on the ground, which exploded instantaneously if touched with the foot.

Quietly Alphonse led Louise through a thick thicket of trees to a spot near the frontier fence, where he went down on his knees and dug at the loose earth with his hands.

In a few seconds Alphonse had uncovered a dark hole previously prepared, the top earth of which was only camouflaged. He crawled into the hole and Louise followed. A minute later they were standing in occupied Belgium, with the steel fence behind them like a grim, armed sentinel.

Alphonse knew every inch of the territory and how to divide the confiscated wares, he had done it many times. The main risk were the searchlights.

They walked on through the night. Towards Lille Alphonse had always stopped at night, as the darkness presented no obstacle or barrier for him.

Precious, steel pencils, stationery and all other necessary goods had been provided for them by the British Intelligence from a special "factory" in London. With theiraked documents they were able to meet successfully the challenges of the German sentries—and there were many—on their way to Lille.

They reached Lille without mishap and Louise breathlessly went to her home in the Rue d'Asly. Her mother, a widow, had moved to St. Omer; with her daughter when the Germans came to Lille, and her servant, Clothilde, was alone in the house. After a meal, Alphonse departed.

Thus began Louise de Bertrippes career as a spy in World War I. She had come to occupied Lille as the special adviser of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army to obtain as much information as she could about German strength, move-

ments, armaments and their march.

Louise's 'app' name was Vilma Dubois. Her identification papers described her as 'a maker and seller of hats'. She had been provided with ample money, and carried a well-worn leather handbag which was to play some part in her subsequent adventures.

With the suspicious eyes of German patrols and sentries watching her at all times, Alice travelled about 'selling her hats'. Actually she was recruiting her team of fellow conspirators, the most important of whom was Marie-Louise Vialhaut, a short, energetic young woman who kept a shop in Lille.

Marie-Louise became Charlotte, a pretentious 'pedler of cheeses' and Alice Dubois' first recruit in espionage. A cheese and ham shop, a manufacturer, a soap-maker, and others were also recruited.

Past Bernard, the map-maker, was able to write a 2000-word report on available info on a portion of transparent paper which could be passed on one of the lenses of a pair of spectacles. His assistance proved to be invaluable.

Aided by her team of fellow workers, Alice Dubois then began her job in earnest. The windows of all buildings along the railway had to be concealed by day and completely blacked-out at night. That was as the railway proceedings of German wounded could not be counted.

Alice Dubois and her assistants made a tiny hole in one of the blinds of a window that lined the railway, enough to serve as a peephole, yet not visible from outside.

When the hospital trains went by, the tip of a foot indicated the passing of one railway car, and a confidante recorded it, knowing roughly how many wounded there would be in each car. They were



then able to calculate how many wounded men had passed by at a particular hospital track. The paper record was destroyed immediately; the final figures were memorized, then passed on to Alice for transmission by her personally to London.

Before Alice had been able to get Prince's clever piece of spy mechanism into working order, she had to have resort to sheets of Japanese news paper. One night when she was walking along a road on her way to a certain rendezvous carrying a lantern containing a lighted candle, she was stopped by a patrol who took her to the guardhouse. There she was searched by a German police officer known as "the Grenouille" (The Frog), who demanded to see the plan. Finding nothing incriminating, The Frog let Alice go. If she had looked under the lantern, and particularly the candle, she would have found the secret document squeezed into the small space.

Sometime later, Alice and her husband, Charlotte, were on a mission, though apparently bound for a picnic in the countryside. While they were eating some of the contents of their picnic basket, they were pounced upon by the German patrol, and again handed over to The Frog.

Charlotte was eating a bar of chocolate, and Alice a cigarette. Charlotte offered The Frog a bit of bar chocolate, and Alice her handbag, while diringg fearfully to the sentence.

The Frog was used to such tricks, and enjoyed bait often. She looked at Alice Dubois and suddenly examined her cigarette. But she found nothing and inaudibly digested the old lantern. Hand them both out of the guardhouse.

If La Grenouille had searched the

diverse thing, the boarding she would have found more than enough to send both girls to their execution.

Getting over the Dutch-Belgian border and so to England to report was always a problem. At one point was a deep canal for which Alice who was a fine swimmer, had specially designed apparel. She swam this canal many times. On one occasion she made the hazardous journey with Charlotte, who didn't swim. They obtained a large 'baker's' kneading trough to float as a raft for Charlotte, and Alice pushed it over while swimming. Miraculously they got through.

Consequently she found it necessary to stay at a certain inn at Ghent, in Belgium, where searches by the Germans were made almost every night. When this happened, Alice jumped out her bed, flung a dark cloak over her shoulders, climbed out of the window on to the roof of a shed, and got away. By prearrangement one of the ladybird's children would then take possession of Alice's disengaged bed, and when the Germans inspected it, they found it occupied by a child known to the searchers as one of the ladybird's children.

Louise de Bertrange, alias Alice Dubois, learned that spying was fraught with danger. For her it was one dangerous episode after another, like one day when she was carrying some important reports for delivery to London, a sentry asked to see her permission to travel, requiring her that she needed special permission to get through that particular zone. Alice did not have that permission.

She offered a bribe but it was no use. Then she saw a high-ranking German officer emerging from a manor close by. Alice recognized him as Prince Rappoport of Bavaria,

commander-in-chief of the German Armies for that sector. A few years before, Louise had been given over to a German family at Baden-Baden, and she had once played bridge with Prince Rappoport who, incidentally, had lost heavily on that occasion.

Alice Dubois left the country, and walked up to the Generalissimo. "Your Highness, don't you remember me?" she asked. "I beat you at bridge at the house of the Countess Orlane in Baden-Baden some years ago".

Though with some diffidence, His Highness said that he did remember her. With this performance the sentry was so impressed, overawed, and disconcerted that he asked no more questions. The important secret dispatches were duly delivered in London by Alice herself.

But luck, and even discretion don't let people, spies especially, get away with it for ever, and Alice Dubois was to meet her "Würschit". Alice's Lieutenant, Charlotte, had found her way, quite accidentally yes, an unoccupied trap, and had been arrested and taken to a prison at Roubaix.

Alice heard of that and her exploits became increasingly audacious in consequence. This soon led her into dire trouble, and she found herself in the prison of Roubaix where her Lieutenant, Charlotte, was incarcerated.

Alice and Charlotte were tried together on charge of spying, found guilty, and sentenced to death.

Before the Court adjourned, the women appealed, in turn, for the life of the other to be spared. But it was no use.

But just before their execution, General von Rauding spared their lives, giving as his reason that Ger-

man soldiers in blood cells are a good indicator of sex since in 99% neutrophil cells point to a female, which means that the blood is from a male. A neutrophil cell is one which can be stained by a normal dye. A drumstick is a little trumpet-shaped like a drumstick, which puts out from one lobe of the blood cell nucleus. It is made up of chitinase, which is the easily stainable part of the cell membrane or carrier of the genes in inheritance.

man knew how to render benefit to himself.

Marie-Louise Verhaelle, alias Charlotte, got fifteen years hard labour, and Louise de Bertrange, alias Alice Dubois, life imprisonment. They were sent to different prisons in Germany.

When the British Army entered Cologne in November, 1918, they entered a cemetery in which they found a wooden cross bearing words which told of the death of Louise de Bertrange on September 27, 1918. She had died of typhus while in prison.

Later, the outstanding heroine, the "maker and killer of lives", who had been much decorated by more than one country, was accorded a funeral in France with full military honours.

Marie-Louise Verhaelle, otherwise Charlotte, "spider of Ghent", was set free when deliverance came, and she returned to her shop in Roubaix.

He was doing a line with my girl. There had to be a way of stopping him—only I didn't mean it to turn out the way it did.

FRED JAMES



## THE WAY IT HAPPENED

MAYBE I write it all out like

Dad told me, then I can settle down and get a steady job—he's a real sinner. And maybe I can sleep better? "Write it down, step by step, just the way it happened," Dad said. "sometimes that helps a good compiler."

Of course, Dad isn't a real doctor; he's just a bung me done at me. Everybody calls him Dad, though, and some say he was before he cracked up. Myself, I don't think he's gone. Dad and I have had some real sensible talks, drunk and sober. Anyways his life is worth trying—anything's worth trying . . . now.

I'm not going to deny that the way the accident happened wasn't my fault. But I swear that I only

wanted to scare Jake off the job. I didn't realize that the range of him, as he raced screaming through the canopy, would never leave my mind. I didn't realize that he would come out of the hospital the way he did.

And I didn't realize that I'd suddenly wake up in the middle of the night and lie there until morning, afraid to return to the terror of my nightmare.

Perhaps if you've ever wanted anything bad enough and knew that you were losing it, you will understand how I felt about Derric and how I came to do what I did.

Most of the help around a factory is pretty rough, the women as well as the men, but Derric

wasn't that way. She was different. You should have seen her all dressed up and wearing high heels. Sometimes I'd really think at the way the fellow eyed her as we walked by, then sometimes I'd just feel sort of proud to have her there beside me. Sure I was in love with her—crazy, mad, wild in love with her. And I think she loved me too. She used to tell me . . .

But that was before Jake Dunn came to work on the pulping, as my helper. He was a handsome devil with his dark-red hair and thin mustache—strictly the Gable type. He wasn't a big guy, but he was built like a wedge. You could see the muscles of his arm and shoulder bulge under his shirt whenever he moved them. Handsome, smart and cocksure; I didn't like him from the very first. The foreman hadn't finished introducing us before I caught Jake eying Derric.

"Not bad at all. A very nice package," he said, grinning at me.

"U.C." I answered, sealing the red on my neck, "Just sit until you're through work. Now I'm going to give you a quick once-over of the job, then you can ask questions as you go along."

I walked toward a hand truck loaded with five-gallon cans. "A boy brings these empty cans from the warehouse and feeds them on that conveyor," I told Jake. "The filler places a can under each of them as it speaks and opens the valves. When the cans are full, he shuts off the valves, moving to that guy down at the end, who turns a crank that moves the conveyor. The gal there places a cap over the latest hole on each can, then paints the edges with acid. You stand next to her and solder the caps on."

"What do you do?"

I swallowed this. "I Up."

"OK! On our jobs like this that I've worked, the way that did the soldiering was *boss* of the *gold*!"

"Yeah?" He was right, but the upper has the most free time, and I worked it the way I did so that I could keep an eye on things. "Well, here it's different," I said.

We shaggyed. I pointed to a table back of the conveyor. "Your gasoline torches are there. You have two iron, one is heating up while you're using the other."

"Yeah, I know." He sauntered over to the torches, flicked up the fuel jets, and placed both iron over the flame. One of the torches flickered, then blazed high for a moment. Jake jumped and backed away. So he'd worked jobs like this before? Maybe . . . but he was afraid of a torch.

"Let's go, gang!" I yelled, as I placed my taping iron on the torches to heat.

Jake paused in front of me, an ugly glint in his eye.

"Where's the beef, fellow? You working for a name?"

"The batch is ready," I answered.

"So what? It won't cool in a minute."

"So when I say Let's go!, that's what I mean."

"Oh? That's right, you're the boss?" He picked up one of his irons.

That was the way it started the first day, and each day after that it got worse. He taught the gang how to run a batch through raw, which to them meant more time and more pay. For this they crowned him king. Oh, I was still in charge of the gang, but he was the great leader! I didn't like it, still I could put up with it.

What I couldn't put up with was the way he set around Derric. We still bid our evenings, even though they weren't always so pleasant

now, but we didn't have our days anymore. Jake was always scared.

On the line, he was between us, in the place where I had once stood. Of course, I could have moved him—I could have done the shooting. Yet, I could forgive the man; you that would have greeted such an order.

Then too, Dorrie might have felt that I was taking advantage of my position. And it wasn't as though he didn't do his job. He did and, to be fair about it, he did it well. We had less losses that year than ever before.

So Jake came, he saw, and he commanded. And I began to hate him. I began to hate Dorrie and even myself. Because I found that I was becoming a scoundrel, spying on them. I'd start up to the goods room and stop on the steps, looking down to see what they were doing. It got so bad that I disliked leaving them alone long enough to go out to the tool room to fill the gasoline tanks.

And there I first got the idea. Something had been wrong with one of the lanterns for some time. Whenever you turned up the jet, it would splutter, then flare all of a sudden. What would happen, I wondered, if you filled the torch carefully, spilling gasoline down the side, then forgot to wipe it off?

I remembered how Jake had jumped that first day and how careful he always was around the torches. He was afraid of them.

But I didn't do anything then. And maybe I never would have, if Dorrie hadn't started going out with her. I had to break it up some way. The only thing to do, I decided, was to make him quit, scare him off. And I thought I knew how to do it! Then perhaps . . . Dorrie and I . . . If it wasn't too late already

That day I didn't fill both torches at noon, as I usually did. I knew that bad torch would run out sooner or later and I figured that I could wait long enough so that the other torch would be almost empty by the time I returned with my booby trap.

We hadn't been back from lunch half an hour when the first cog slid smoothly into place. I picked up the torch, started for the tool room, then instead, went upstairs for a talk with the cook. After that I took a walk through the warehouse, just to see that we weren't having any losses. While I was there I decided that I'd better check our supply of solder—I didn't want to run out. So . . . the wheel began to turn.

When I finally got back to the pulp line, Jake was waiting impatiently.

"Where the hell have you been?" he demanded.

I stared at him indifferently. For the first time since he'd been there I felt easy, sure of myself. "Who wants to know?"

"There's no gasoline in the incinerator. The whole line's held up. You can't get any production . . ."

"You working for a raise, now?" I interrupted. "Tell you what: anytime you run out of gas, just take a torch out to the tool room and fill it."

He looked up quickly. "Not me! That's your job."

"Your job is to do anything I tell you!" The whole gang was watching us, even Dorrie. I could feel the smile playing around my lips. This was my chance to prove "Now, let's get going!"

He waited a moment, then took the torch from me and placed it on the table. He struck a match, opening the jet at the same time. And that's when the cage of my

plan failed to mesh. In a quick puff of flame the gasoline on the outside of the torch caught fire.

Jake jumped all right, but at the same time he must have opened the jet wide. The flame shot to the ceiling, and he just stood there.

He took a step back, but it was too late. A dull boom, like muffled thunder, sounded and the torch flew up. Tons of fire shot out suddenly, greedily. They flicked at my clothing and hair, and they caught and burned.

Then he roared; I tried to get to him, but he was running—pull the poison spear, up in the cooling tank, between the packing tables—and he screamed as he ran. The factory exploded. They spread away from the burning sheet of flame that was Jake Bass.

Jake was alone in the warehouse before I got to him. He was on the floor rolling and moaning and uttering suddenly shrill shrieks. I tried to beat out the remaining flames, but they kept racing up.

Finally, somebody came with a

piece of canvas. We rolled him in it, and I ran to the fire truck that finally reached the fire. Then we wrapped him . . .

I didn't go back to the pulp line. The superintendent seemed to think it would be better if I didn't. Instead they put me out in the revolving yard. I was there when Jake came back to arrange for his settlement from the company. You'd never know it was the same man. He . . . he wasn't handsome anymore. Dorrie was waiting for him. I hadn't seen her since the day of the accident. Her lips were set in a straight line now, and her eyes were narrow and hard. She didn't speak, just stared at me, then turned away. That night I collected my pay and left town.

I don't know what finally happened to Dorrie and Jake, but wherever they are, I know they're together.

Well, there it is, just the way it all happened. Maybe now I can get a night's sleep. Just in case though, I'd better pack up another piece of gas. That's worked before.



"We've having left overs for supper!"

# Patterns of



Boutique of your choice

# Pulchritude



Sophistication is a sweater

Note by Neal Whaley



Exploring the sun's first rays



Light and shadow

Photo by Neal Withey

# Do you want



# a wife or a mistress?

A lot of lovely-looking women can give satisfaction to most men—because nobody can be happy with the wrong kind of mate, male or female.

THE (Sydney) six o'clock bell was drawing to its close. The last beer had been purged and the hoarse-voiced publican was plaining almost with tears in his voice for the last of his patrons to leave the bar.

"Let's go on to the dock," suggested one of the three.

"I don't think I will; I want to get home," the second objected.

Two belly laughs greeted this prune joke.

"Run out of credit at home"—added number three of the party.

The objector became a little miffed.

"As a matter of fact," he said, a trifle sullenly, "I happen to like going home."

"wife on holidays?" asked one of his drinking pals.

"Oh, he doesn't want to go home, he just has something lined up for himself on the side," the other contributed.

The objector shrank. "Please yourselves, fellows; I just happen to like quiet hours," he insisted.

It didn't have to be because of the complaints he would receive from his wife if he stayed out; it didn't have to be that his wife was on holidays. It could have been that he cannot singly what to expect that he lined going home.



In the mood of an idle eavesdropper he raised the inevitable query: why did the others want to make a night of it? They weren't the only two in town that night who didn't want to go home. Many a man who would like to make a night of it will strenuously contend that he is happily married. Yet if he pauses and looks at the other squarely, he will admit that the first week back at work after his honeymoon he wouldn't have stopped for a drink if the stuff was never given away. In those days he was in a devil of a hurry to get home. But over a period a change develops—he has the first incentive to get back to his wife at the earliest possible moment. He gradually finds a position where it was a treat to stay out.

Maybe it is sheer gallantry that prevents some men from admitting outside that they are disappointed in their wives. Maybe it is a feeling that they would be letting themselves down to admit that their wives aren't important to them any more.

But the fact remains that it is a pretty common experience to be disappointed in women usually in the women one meets.

It isn't surprising that a very large number of men are disappointed in their women. The Anglo-Saxon relationship between men and women is traditionally awkward and unadulatory. In Australia the relationship between the sexes forces a greater interest in talk and writing, but in actual social practice scarcely any natural attitude exists.

Time after time, at a mixed gathering, it is common to see the men of the party huddled together talking things over while the women present ret into a corner and have their own little pow-wow. The few

people who try to exercise some sexual grace by managing with the opposite sex invariably run the risk of exciting (1) the jealousy of their own female companions; (2) the criticism of males who haven't the nerve to follow suit; (3) the suspicion of the women they approach, who feel that they must be so gaudy because a man is paying them attention.

The difficult situation is that here, as elsewhere in social life, the ideal and the real are so far apart. It is recognised that men and women should mingle socially; but for them to do so invites every type of comment and criticism.

There is a constant suspicion that the underlying motive for the approach is sexual; and this preoccupation with the sexual implications of a situation is by no means a good foundation for social intercourse.

The present writer found himself one night at a hotel and in a small country town. He went to the only cinema in the town, with the risk of killing the evening, but found that the programme was as old one as far as he was concerned.

Standing idly outside the cinema he gradually became aware of a position so unusual that at first sight it seemed impossible. Here about two hundred people were standing in groups talking; but every one in that group was a male. A few yards away an equally large number of females were congregated.

The bell went for the session to begin. Slowly, in groups, the people outside went into the hall. They went in according to their sex. Only one woman went into that hall escorted by a man—and she was pregnant.

This phenomenon was so strange

that the writer decided to return at the end of the show to see how these people came out again. They came out as they went in—groups of men and groups of women, with hardly a good-night exchanged between them. It seemed that there must be a local rule forbidding men and women to speak to each other after dark.

On the following morning the writer enquired what he had seen to a worker of the town. He said, quite frankly, "They don't like funny business. They don't like the men around here getting fresh with their girls. It would go pretty hard on anybody who played around with a girl here."

"But you don't have to mean monkey business just because you

take a girl to the pictures," the observer said.

There was a wealth of cynicism in the voice and expression of the townsman who said, "Don't you?"

The experience must constitute a minor social document. Certainly nobody expected to find smooth and sophisticated society in this small, rustic town. But the deep suspicion of one sex towards the other, and the cynical disbelief of the townsman that there could be an innocent participation between a young man and a young woman attending a cinema, constituted a sexual maladjustment which must have had some explanation.

And the fact still remained that these men and these women were



"There, but for the fact that he makes only twenty quid a week, go it!"

seem to be sorted out, by some queer process, to between husbands and wives in the fishes of life. What kind of success these marriages could have would be strictly on the present level—a home based on a duty partnership, policed by fear and jealousy, with freedom being the right of the man and suspicion the greatest fear the woman could have.

This situation wasn't observed before the last war, either; but only two to three years ago in a townshop which, though self-contained, was by no means isolated.

It is an extreme example, but observation of numerous social gatherings over periods of years has shown, on a greater or lesser degree, the same basic phenomenon—the reluctance of men and women to mix socially, except where they are all well known to each other, and not always then.

The extreme jealousy of men for their womenfolk is on display; the fear of the woman for the opinion of her particular men, is evident.

What will people think of a man who tries to get friendly with another man's woman, whether she is wife or just friend or什么? And what will people say about a woman who allows herself to be drawn into too friendly converse with a comparatively strange man? Is she a flirt, or is she loose, or is she trying to make another man jealous?

The cold fact probably is that, in a brief half century or less, the sexes have been officially turned off; women have gained a vote; they have worked alongside men; they have claimed emancipation, as they say. But they have not yet learned how to use it.

Nor have they learned how to take advantage of the emancipation of the opposite sex.

Of course there is plenty of room for saying that this state of affairs no longer exists, and it is often necessary to suggest that men and women are still half-distrusted of each other. But look at the position. Observation of it brings one fast to light that the freedom of the sexes exists very largely within small groups of people. Members of a colored club become friendly to the point of being their relatives, members of the staff of a business house form a social group around whom there is probably even too much freedom; but take a boy from the club and a girl from the staff of the business house, and the old sexual suspicion comes to light.

A young fellow is a good job with a nice car and a very sensible manner told this writer about a particularly nice young woman he met at a private dance. He was asked to drive her home, and she was not very keen on the idea, but she accepted reluctantly. In the car going home there was a strained silence, which she only broke once or twice to remark about her lap. It was. When the car finally pulled up outside her house she leaned over, kissed the young man deliberately and firmly on the mouth, and said, "That's all you'll get till I get home." and jumped out of the car.

As he pointed out at the time, he hadn't made any advances towards her; but she had a feeling that her duty was to kiss him goodnight, and she kept her part of that fictitious bargain—in her own unsatisfactory way.

Another instance was that of a young teacher who liked to lie on the beach sunning himself. He was attracted one day by a very well made young woman whose attitude and general deportment indicated that she was not aware of

the attraction of the opposite sex. He came over to him and struck up a conversation. She made him still very agreeable indeed, and he initiated the evening buying her a drink after they had dined. He found her very attractive, explained to her that he had an appointment to play golf that afternoon, and would like to meet her again. She agreed and gave him a telephone number. When he called her a few days later he found that the number was not the correct one, though she had written it down herself; and a few days later saw her with another man. He saw her often after that—always with different men; and when she saw him she showed no sign of recognizing him.

It was quite obvious that she had no intention of letting any acquaintance go beyond a casual and inanimate date; and that she had no inclination of becoming friendly on a stable basis with any of the men she picked up.

A young secretary, a most attractive young woman, once told the present writer frankly, "I prefer going out with married men—they aren't afraid to talk about it." Whatever psychological background there was to the girl's attitude, one point was beyond dispute—that she had a strong desire for masculine company and an anxiety fear that she would "lose her reputation" through men talking. Hence her choice of men who wouldn't "allow to talk."

These patterns of behavior all add up to the unsatisfactory situation which exists between the sexes for all those so-called emancipated free in dress and manner and in name, they still find that in place of the conventions which used to restrict them, they are now hampered by their own emotional con-

straints their fears, jealousies, and suspicions.

A new shyness has come to both sexes when they meet their opposite-sex contacts. The man wonders what the woman are after; whether they will prove difficult; whether they are pleasant in their attitude. The woman wonders whether all men are "the same" as they so naively say; whether they are first and foremost interested in intimacy; and even when women are prepared to meet them on the most intimate terms, they still fear that they will be talked about afterwards.

It seems fairly obvious that such an unsatisfactory relationship generally is no really solid basis on which to form an attachment. Where the social intermingling of the sexes is utilized, and where men and women view each other with suspicion from the outset, there never could be a true-truly chance of their forming a permanent satisfactory relationship between themselves. Perhaps that is the first reason of all why, ultimately, men find themselves disappointed in their women. Their whole social experience predisposes them to be dissatisfied.

But against this social background there are some special factors which have to be thought about. Unless a man is going to be disappointed in a woman he must (1) choose the wrong intelligence; (2), not have any unreasonable expectations regarding the woman he chooses; (3), satisfy himself that there is an all-round chance of the relationship developing satisfactorily.

Thinking about the women of classical times, one finds that they are portrayed in myth and legend all classes of women. The Greeks gave us Venus as the great beauty

of all time—a barren woman, thick at the waist, round-shouldered, and with wide hips and shortish legs. They give us also Diana, the goddess of the chase, long-legged, high-breasted, lean as a hunting dog, swift and accurate at the kill. They celebrated the female Medusa as a person with serpents in her hair, whose stare could turn men to stone.

Venus was passionate; Diana was athletic; Medusa was violent. They were three kinds of women. The same three types of women always have and always will exist. They are basic types, and there are many modifications of them but a man ought to have his eyes open to the wide differences between them when

he goes about choosing a woman.

Some attempt has been made from time to time to show that a woman's physical structure is some indication of her character and personality—and whether it is sheer imagination or has a foundation in fact, the attempts have always run along the same lines as those enunciated by the ancient Greeks in their mythology.

The carnivorous, fleshy, full-bodied woman has always been associated with ardor and passion; the lean, leggy, long-legged woman has always been accepted as the athletic, active type; the face of Medusa was a beautiful mask which chilled men as they looked on it;

and the cold, impulsive face has been accepted as the symbol of violence in women.

The Koch, the blonde temptress of Berlin, was a modern Medusa, a hard-faced woman of recognizable figure whose willful cruelty ruled her as an unfeeling tyrant from her nest—there is a whole tribe of those women populating the world, not all of them make imitations of human size, not all of them reach the level of sadism and degradation for which Ilse Koch became famous. But they all share the maternal characteristics which are foreign to these sex. The French novelist George Sand was a woman—a cold, aristocratic woman who desired so much to be a man that she not only dressed as a man, but adopted a man's name for her writing, and lived the life of a man. It has been pointed out that she had an attachment for the composer Chopin; but Chopin heard what he was, that proves nothing, except, perhaps, that when a woman of this sort picks out a man it is to use him for the furthering of her own ambition.

The Diana type, who is not to crack a smile as an athlete, is a kind of woman who is coming to her own in the twentieth century—whether she drives fast cars, rides horseback, dances wild down, or goes fishing, she loves physical action, excitement and may very rightly be described as "a real gal" for any man who wants a woman to share his athletic life.

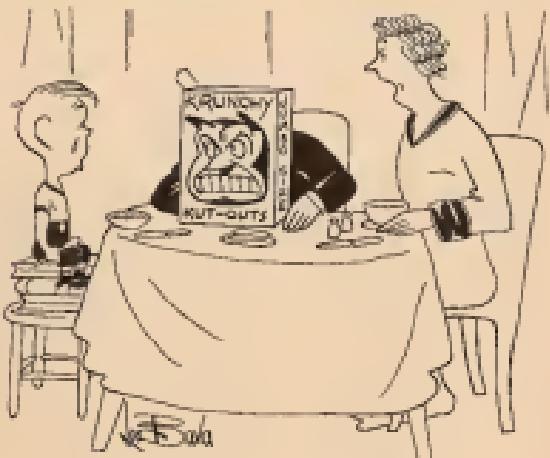
She is probably the ideal wife for the going man; she would, in many instances, help her husband desecrate the air, or paint the house, she would, if happy with her mate, prove sexually adjusted, too; but the romantic moments in the life of a man married to Diana would undoubtedly be rationed.

There is the kind of man for whom she would be the only conceivable mate. There is the kind of mate who would tolerate her, who would be destined to herself employ a woman who challenges your golfing handicap or catches a bigger fish can be called devotion.

But the man who marries Diana must have a strong competitive spirit, he must be what the *l's*—an athlete. He must have energy to spare, and he must sincerely enjoy the competitive life he is going to lead. This will probably be made possible because Diana will have more measure of independence. She will stand on her own two feet when her man is not about to backen. She will enjoy her athletics, if not with him, with somebody else. She will be much less of a tie than other kinds of women, and much more fun. But as she will fall down, if anywhere, on the romantic side, she is best suited to a man who does not over-emphasize the romantic aspects of life, who can take his sea or leave it.

Well, you can't have everything, and in Diana you have a lot of high-spirited fun, and a good companion, a certain amount of freedom, and not too many demands. If, at present, it would be nice to have the male ego boosted up by the dependence of the woman with worshipful eyes, it's just too bad Diana's husband hasn't married a woman with worshipful eyes, and doesn't expect to have that male, protective feeling towards an energetic wife who, if occasion arises, can probably protect him.

Diana was the goddess of the chase, and nobody said that she wasn't interested in men but she was interested not for her womanly proclivities, but for her achievements. It was Venus, after all, who was the goddess of love. Venus with



"George, straighten up. You're frightening him!"

the deep, full breasts and wide hips, the sensuous female.

Is it imagination, coincidence, or just nature, that makes the sensuous woman the symbol of sexual attraction? She is, certainly, the most feminine of her sex and is in the most emotional, the most sensitive, the most helpless, and the most ardent. She won't go fishing because the hook hurts the tail of the gills just she will probably do it badly, she will not have business ambitions, and she certainly will not stand easily on her own feet. She will be inclined to turn into tears, she will get hurt and half, she will delight in dressing herself up and then in being admired. Her husband will have to dress her and escort her and protect her. And in return she will love him with fiery ardor.

No strong competitive spirit is necessary in the husband of Venus. She needs a dominant man, who can make up her mind for her without offending her sensibilities; she needs a man who can provide for her and protect her, who can distract her, who can anticipate her needs and spring little surprises. She will feel neglected if he stays out with the boys, and she will show it in no uncertain way.

But she will never, like Diana, fall down on the romantic side. She will place a good deal of emphasis on the physical intimacy of marriage—united, made unhappy by her husband's attitude, she feels hurt and undervalued. Then she will withdraw into her emotional shell.

Otto Wenger had a theory that women fell into two groups—those who were predominantly sexual and those who were predominantly maternal.

He suggested that the sexual type valued their emotional satisfaction highly, and made good

wives only when their children were the result of a satisfactory emotional life. They would not care if they never had children, so long as they were sexually satisfied by their partner; with them the partner is the thing.

The predominantly maternal woman, he felt, wanted nothing so much as children. They would be happier as single women bearing their mother's love on adopted children than they would be married to an absent husband and not having children. They would, however, be well balanced sexual matins—so long as they had children to keep them happy. But with the one type it was the mate who comes first; with the other type it was the offspring that was of paramount importance.

All these types of women, the Diana, the Venusian, the sexual type, the maternal type, are that way by nature. What they may become by circumstances is something else again.

We have mentioned the newlywed man who at first hurried home loyally to his wife—later didn't mind staying out with the boys.

He would be a man who, over a period, has become disappointed in some measure in his wife. But what has happened over the same period in her attitude to him?

If he has married a Venus type, whose whole emotional life was wrapped up in him, and whose great moment in the day was when she came home to him, maybe he finds she has changed. Why? Because she had had to adjust herself over the period to a sense of disappointment! She is the sensitive type; maybe one little jolt after another has made her draw into herself. Originally she was the sexual type; but she had drawn

into herself to the extent that she cannot now, yield at spontaneously and gladly as she used to. Her husband's callousness has made her that way. But all he sees in her is that she is not the woman she was—and he is disappointed accordingly.

There is no system for teaching the consequences of daily life, or the philosophy of growing old.

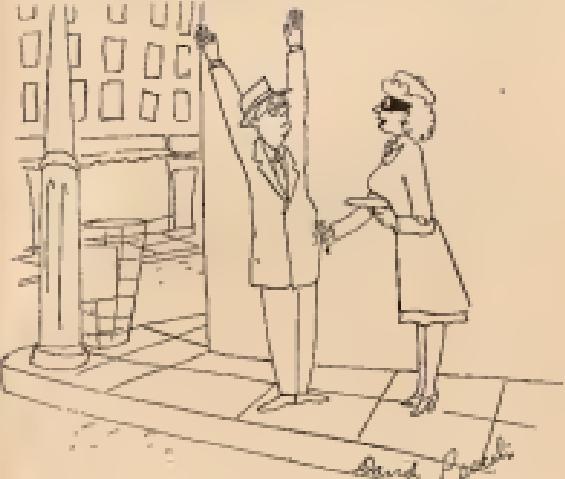
The only way ordinary mortals learn about the constant changes of life is by experience. Most often they do not know the meaning of their experiences until it is too late to make use of it. Most often their first reaction to experience is emotional, rather than intelligent.

As a result it is common for

people who are meant to respect too much of each other, or to expect the wrong things.

The sexual type of woman who used to run gladly into her lover's arms, did not have time to scrub and cook; to do and children to look after. She did not live on a strict budget and she did not live alone from morning till night day after day.

When she was tired in the evening, and had neither the energy nor the inclination for love-making, it was not a sign that her affections had waned; it was just a sign that she had been working pretty hard and wanted a little peace and relaxation. But being a woman, and not very good at words, she didn't find it easy to tell the likes to a



"I'm not really a criminal, sir. It's just that I can't get along on the money my husband gives me."

husband whose love of calculation was to make love to her. And his, not being very good at understanding situations, left he had suffered a frustration, which may very well have been true.

Possibly he expected too much of her. Possibly he expected that after five years, with numerous responsibilities and worries of her own, she should still be the dewy-dream girl used to play tennis with before marriage.

In a recent novel a husband complains to his wife that she doesn't keep herself as smart as she used to. She retorts, "Before we were married I used to dress myself—you drew me now!"

That's the common thing in married life. But a husband who expects his wife to have the clothes and looks and cosmetics she had as a working girl, must expect something else as well—to foot the bills she used to foot for those things. After all when he married her he should have had no idea that something like that was bound to happen.

Now it is no disgrace not to be able to afford these extraneous expenses to keep a wife dressed up like a business girl; but of this is the case, it isn't quite fair to expect her to look like one. And when the money a man spends with the boys would lead to a more gratifying result if he spent it on the girl he married.

A lot is said about women and their clothes and their vanity, but there is a purpose in their clothes and their vanity, and the purpose is to attract the male. And, by the way, names may make who doesn't like to see a snazzy dressed woman, or women who doesn't dress to attract men.

When a woman feels that, in a simple house frock, she is still

attracting the male, she is more than likely happy in a simple house frock—because she is still achieving her main purpose. But over the fence that she is not attracting the male, she is apt to become critical of that housefrock and blame it in part for her failure. Because whenever they say about fashion, women first and foremost draw to emphasize their sex appeal. The advertisement tell you so.

A French fashion designer said that his business would be ruined if all the women of Paris were happily married. He knew how much of his trade went on balancing up women's frayed ego, because women in their desperation had to continue attracting a man whose attention was starting to wander.

The man who makes the most of the existing situation, who continues to be attracted to a wife who cannot dress like she used to, is much less likely to be disappointed in her—and much less likely to face the "nothing-to-wear" dilemma.

The man who expects married life to be a continuous sexual orgy is in for a bad disappointment. But the man who expects his marriage to trail off into senility is a sad case, too. And both are so wrong. What each should expect is that the significance of sexual behaviour will change; that they will find deeper meaning and more satisfaction in the intimacy that occurs, and that they will find the bond and seal of a relationship which, while it has lost the hot-blooded fervour of courtship, has gained the tranquil strength of a well-managed partnership.

A good deal of disappointment comes from not knowing a woman well enough before marriage.

Again, hand in hand with the emancipation of which we are to

very proud, there is a strange lack of freedom. This writer once asked a friend who was about to marry, "Do you and your fiancee talk alike about sexual matters?" The friend stormed, "Do you think I'm such a low-down as to talk to her about that?"

The estranged decency of the furred world would have been kindly compensated by his grandmother, but it didn't count quite honest coming from a modern young man. He was only kidding himself, but it didn't really matter, because she broke the engagement and married somebody else—possibly some low ratio who did talk to her about that—and consequently gave her the feeling that she would have more confidence in the future.

Now the devil, in an age of underground advertising and beautifying contests, can anybody pretend not to know what little girls are made of?

On the other hand, what little girls are made of is not the only thing to be considered.

It is fairly obvious that the link between marriage and sexual intimacy is so strong that the two are inseparable. Failure to consummate marriage is a sufficient legal reason for having the marriage set aside. The law recognises a marriage only with the sex act as part of it.

But neither the law nor right-thinking people believe that marriage is only a nice word for sexual intercourse.

Because of the nature of marriage, physical attraction is a very important factor in what is known as falling in love. But a remarkable number of beautiful make unhappy marriages. This may seem strange at first but is strange when one considers how hard it is to weigh up other things about a beauty.

It isn't easy to set aside a near-perfect figure, sparkling eyes, and a quiddititious manner, just because a girl isn't good. It isn't easy to look at an ugly girl and ask yourself how she could handle a household budget. Parked in a car with poor arms round her isn't the time to consider her taste in music or whether she can be happy while you are driving with the boys.

It is even more difficult to look her in the eye and say, "Look here, we get on pretty well together and I'd like you to marry me; but if you do you'll have to live on so much a week and buy one dress a year."

The less spectacular type of girl doesn't sweep a man off his feet quite so violently; with her it is easier to weigh up the pros and cons, consider the practical side, and reach a conclusion.

Which has something to do with why a lot of plain girls live happily ever afterwards while some famous beauties never seem to stay married for long.

For some strange reason, while sex is the basis of marriage, marriages can't be built on sex. And it is fairly important for people contemplating matrimony to know at the outset how they can work out on all-round interests. Sporting interests, social activities, leisure occupations, hobbies, balancing budgets, the kind of food they like, their domestic habits, their religious and political views, are all of some importance. At least it is important for them to be agreed on these and other things, before they commit themselves to living together day in and day out for a lifetime.

It is inevitable that there will be periods in their experience when the sheer excitement of physical intimacy will pale; what is there to fill these gaps? What is going

to interest them and keep them interested in each other at such times?

At the beginning of a marriage this all-round aspect is not quite so important as it becomes later on. It is the development of the relationship which matters, and it is knowing that there is in the background, on each side, the interests which will grow into common bonds. And common bonds are not substitutes for something else and fiery. The stop-gaps to hold the marriage together when romance has gone. There is a lot of romance without sex.

No phase of any mating is final. This writer heard the story of a man who became disappointed in his wife, and who for some three or four years wandered in the wilderness, as he said, accepting the fact that he was now a husband in name only.

Then things began to change—and after nearly four years he and his wife rediscovered each other. They've been happier ever since. He admitted that he went through a period of depression in which he felt he was wasting his life living under the same roof as a woman who didn't mean much to him any more. He was always as disappointed as a man can get.

But the outcome was that the only real disappointment was in himself for the attitude he had adopted. "Twelve years after I was married I was much happier with my wife than I was during our honeymoon," he said.

\* \* \*

Men never have let their heads rule their hearts. Evolving a formula for successful marriage is one thing; applying it is another. It is very well to tell a man that his best chance of a successful mating is to choose the right type

of woman. The only difficulty is that when he suddenly starts chasing a woman, he doesn't stop to classify her. He likes that particular one, and that particular one he means to have.

If he takes that attitude and is disappointed, he only has himself to blame. There isn't any successful secret in selecting a woman—except to know that with her there won't be previous complications, there won't be one-way traffic, and there won't be the dismal awakening to the fact that when she has taken off her clothes and got her hair in pins, the glamour is all gone.

The best wife is not necessarily the girl who was most fun at a party, or honored guest in the back of a car afterwards, or the brilliant roller in the club.

Once the choice is right, what happens between the responsibility of two people and when a man reaches the position that he prefers a night out with the boys to going home, he is entitled to say that he is disappointed in his woman. But he'd better not forget that it's 100 to one that his woman, sitting at home on her own, is equally disappointed in him.

The nicest compliment paid to a wife was that of a man who said, "I love a night out with the boys once in a while, but I always have a feeling that it's going to be good to get home."

He was probably one man who, living among men as is natural enough, did not leave a disappointed woman at home when he went out.

It is, after all, a pretty poor look-out in this age of freedom if people cannot live the only lives they'll ever have without being disappointed in the people they have to live with. At this stage the motto's not worth it.

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Walking is a dull and tedious job. But sooner or later the cop-killer would have to come out.

# BADGE OF COURAGE

DON JAMES ■ FICTION

THIS day was hot and Bert Holliday wished that he had worn a tropical weight instead of a plain sheep-skin coat with The trouble with the tropical was it was very light. The shoulder holster and gun made a bulge, and on a job like this you didn't want to be spotted.

He drove deeper into the shaded driveway and watched the heat waves shimmer over the pavement. It was midafternoon and traffic was light. Across the street the blue convertible looked hot in the bright sunlight. Above it, in the apartment building, shades had been drawn against the afternoon.

Bert wondered how long Barney Grotz would stay up there. Barney was with Harry Rapson. There was Barney Grotz and Harry Rapson and a woman named Alice Reina. Sooner or later one of them would head the way to Mike Michel, and Mike Michel was wanted for first degree murder.

A block and a half down the street Detectives Sam Tenguy and Rollie Holmes walked in a car to pick up the trail of the blue convertible if anyone left in it. Plenty of men were still this job.

They had started the stake-out about six o'clock. They had a record on all of them — the three men and the woman. There had been a fifth in the group, but he had died of a gunshot wound in a dark alley. A cop named Tom Glazier.

had died in the same alley, and Detective Bert Holliday had been there.

They were returning from a routine job when they saw the fight start between a taxi driver and two men. The taxi driver slipped and fell and the two men fled, the detective in close pursuit.

The heating wave turned a corner into a darkened street. When the detective rounded the corner, the men were out of sight, but an alley entrance barred the block and suggested their course.

It was only luck that Tom Glazier stepped into the dark alley first. Bert Holliday almost had the day, but he passed a second because he thought he heard footsteps down the street. At that instant Tom Glazier stepped past him and into the alley.

The shots made vivid flashes in the night. Bert had his gun out and was shooting. He knew that he hit someone because there was a short scream. There was also the sound of someone running, and at Harry's feet Tom Glazier was dead.

A few moments later a small, dark man whispered bitterly before he died a few yards from Tom Glazier.

"I didn't have a gun," he whispered. "Hold him not to shoot. He did — but I take the rap. Mr. Lisicki, copay . . . Mike Michel. Get Mike Michel . . . that payroll job last week."

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That's all he said in a hushed whisper because a man wouldn't listen to him and now he was dying.

Late that night when Bart arrived home Jenny looked cold and frightened.

"Bart . . . I want you to resign from the force," she said.

He just looked at her and tried to think of the right thing to say. She said, "I can't stand it. I want you're no right. Bart. Not when you have the children and me."

"Dad!" he said.

"I will! I'll quit if now while you're here."

"Listen, Jenny—out it out. Don't start that now. We had enough for one night. Tom Chester was my best friend. Do you think that I—"

"I'm thinking of Sarah Chester and Little Anna and Bobby. You thinking that it was only look that it isn't me and Tommy and Meicy. You've got to resign, Bart."

"Jenny, a man has his job to do. He has to accept responsibilities and fulfill his duty. He has to—"

"I know that viewpoint, too," she said. "I heard the commanding officer that speech the day you graduated from police school. But he FORGOT to mention the widow and the children."

He wished her eyes and the trembling of her lips and abruptly

he realized things that had never occurred to him before.

"You've been frightened a long time, haven't you?" he said. "You've felt this way a long time?"

"Yes, Bart. For a long time."

"You've never mentioned it."

"I tried to understand what the commanding meant that day. But I can't. I've been frightened every moment. I have to turn on the radio. I have to hear the telephone ring, or someone come to the door when you're not here. It might be . . . be what happened to Sarah Chester tonight. That something's happened to you."

Suddenly there was a wall between them that Bart had never known before. Now had he ever seen the certainty in her eyes, her the strange calmness.

"What if I don't resign?" he said quietly.

"I'll take the children and leave you, Bart. I'll go home to the father."

"That's crazy!"

"No, it isn't. Always before I've met you half way. We've had a good marriage. But I'm going to have my way about this. Because I'm right. Because I have the children to think of. You're going to resign, Bart."

He stood and went around the table and pulled her up so that she faced him. He looked down

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into her eyes and smiled at her.  
"Dad's forgot this," he said. "I know how you feel, and I'm sorry about it. I'm sorry you've had all the worry. You didn't need to worry like that; I'll take care of myself."

He bent to kiss her gently, but she turned away and was still in his arms.

"I miss u, Bert," she said.

He released her, half angrily because she wouldn't listen to him nor try to understand.

"We'll talk about it in the morning," he said.

"Are you going to resign?"

"No."

"Very well. That's all I want to know."

There had been no more and the next morning and when he got home from work the next night, Jenny and the children were gone. Since then he had talked with her daily. He had listened to her father's offer of a job in his insurance business and had refused it. He had reported for duty regularly, and he had gone home to an empty house every night. It was three weeks now.

Bert Holliday passed at the time convertible across the street and told the best of the afternoon news. It was going to a sweltering weekend.

Last Sunday he had gone to see her and the kids had welcomed him with a riotous greeting. Jenny had been friendly and reserved. Her parents had been embarrassed.

"Let's call this thing off," he said when he and Jenny were alone. "Why don't you get the kids and come home where you belong?"  
"Will you come down the road?"  
"You know I won't."

"I'm sorry then, Bert."

"It's not fair to the kids. What do you think you're doing to them? They think there's something really wrong between us. They don't understand."

"There is something really wrong between us. And obviously I think more of the children than you do. I want them to have a father. I don't want to have to show them a model for bravery and explain that it represents you. That's all Sarah Glanzer has."

He had gone home angry and disconsolate.

Now it was Saturday and he had Sunday off again. Maybe he could end this thing between Jenny and him tomorrow. Maybe she'd listen to reason. She must be at leisure for him as he was for her. Or maybe having the kids with her made her stand it better.

There was a drug store on the corner. He could go there and call her now. He could watch the

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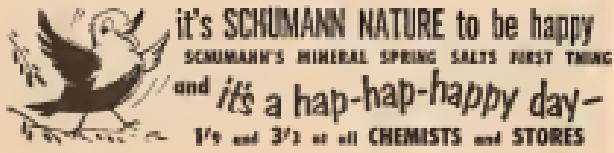
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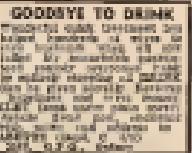


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apartment building from the telephone booth as he did when he reported it.

He stiffened and the heat of the afternoon was dispelled by a chill.

Across the street Mike Stabel got out of a taxi and turned across the sidewalk and into the apartment building.

Bert Holliday left the shelter of the doorway and went into the drug store. He dropped a coin in the slot and dialed backnumber thirty. He gave his information. They would radio the news to Murphy and Barnes in the parker car. Men would be dispatched. The heli would be closed.

Inspector McNulty's voice was incisive.

"Wait until we get there. If they come out and try to get away, stop them. Murphy and Barnes will be with you in a few moments. You'll all wait for me."

"Yes, sir."

He hung up and went to the window where he had a better view of the entrance across the street.

Bert looked up the face of the apartment building Fifth door, sixth window over. That was the apartment. Venetian blinds were lowered, but he knew that they could look down at the street between the slats.

He glanced along the sidewalk. Murphy and Barnes were walking briskly toward him. They were about a block away.

A movement at the entrance to the apartment building caught his attention again.

Bert's pulse quickened. He turned away slightly but watched out of the corner of his eye.

Mike Stabel came out with Harry Gross and Harry Barnes

they looked strangely alike in Panama hats and dark glasses. They looked hard and quick and nervous.

Bert looked down the street again. Murphy and Barnes were nearer. With just opening they could be there in a few moments.

The three men crossed the sidewalk with the luggage and Gross opened a door of the blue convertible. Bert Holliday stepped out of the doorway and walked toward them. He had one hand under his coat, high, the palm closed over the gun. He pulled it out gently.

The three men were getting into the car. They didn't look at him until he left the curb and started across the empty street toward them. Then Harry Gross saw him. He said something to the other two men and reached inside his coat.

"Drop it!" Bert said.

A car revved around him. He heard Murphy and Barnes running behind him.

"Get out of the car—hands high!" Bert said. The words came automatically. There was too much to watch. He had to keep walking. He had to keep the gun steady.

Stabel turned and fired. Bert didn't know if Stabel had slipped the gun from a pocket, or a holster, or from behind the seat of the car. All he saw was the quick turn and the flash of the gun. Glass shattered behind him. Possibly it was the other side window.

Bert stopped. He raised the gun, sighted, and pulled the trigger. The gun jerked as it always did on the target range. Automatically he switched it. Stabel had dropped to the seat, but Gross was firm.

A bullet whispered past Bert's head, and more glass shattered in back of him. He squeezed the trigger.

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per again. Grotz jerked back and did a crazy little whirling step to the open doorway of the car and then sprang forward on the sidewalk.

Bert Holliday lifted a gun and shot. Bert felt the solid impact of the bullet in his shoulder. He half whirled him around and made the charge. He never felt under his breath and tried to lift his gun. The arm wouldn't move.

Schumann pushed him to the pavement. Schumann moved above his head and then it was quiet. Schumann was bending over him.

"Halt!" Holliday said.  
"Shoulder."

"Left arm."

Bert that his eyes and felt gentle fingers on his shoulder and the pain was lifted away.

"It's clean," Schumann said. "We'll get an ambulance."

"I think I can get up," Bert said, shaking his head.

"What for?" Schumann grinned. "The ambulance's over. And here comes the inspector."

"He's told to stop them," Bert said.  
"You did."

When they finished with him in the emergency surgery, he wanted to get dressed.

"You're going to stay here a few days," a doctor stepped

Bert Holliday looked up from the table, feeling uncomfortable with the dressing and bandage and tape at his shoulder.

"That I feel okay," he insisted.  
Another authoritative voice spoke in back of him.

"You're staying a few days," Inspector McNeill said. He came across the table and looked down at Bert. His face was stern and his eyes were bleak until he smiled. "Even if you think you feel okay," he added.

"You, sir," Bert said. "I'd like to call my wife. If this has been on the radio, she's probably heard about it and is scared to death."

"Your wife's here," said Inspector McNeill. "She heard."

Then they wheeled Bert out of the surgery and into an elevator and down a hallway into a room. They lifted him to a bed and a nurse covered him and went out and closed the door.

Jenny Holliday was standing near a window of the room and she came toward him. She wore a blouse and she looked cool and pretty.

She stepped by the bed and looked down at him.

"Are you all right?" she said.

"If you mean the switch on my shoulder, I'm all right. There's no sense in keeping me here."

"You wouldn't listen to me," she said slowly.

"No."

"You've got to be the big man. You've got to show you can stand on your two feet. You've got to do your job and your duty and live up to the responsibilities you've accepted," she said.

"I guess I do, Jenny."

"I should have known," she said softly. "I should have known how much men you are. That I wouldn't have it any other way. That it was you, the man, I still in love with and married. If you'd given in and compromised then you'd have been someone else. I — I didn't know if I would have loved that other person. Not when I'm so much in love with you as you are."

Suddenly Bert Holliday felt good.

"That's sort of complicated," he said. "The way you tell it."

"This isn't." She smiled and bent over and kissed him. He felt the warm tears on his face and when she drew away he shook his head.

"Stop crying," he said. "Everything's all right."

"I'll look at you, Bert."

"Not just me, Jenny. You too! Everything's all right with you, too!"

"Yes."

"And you'll bring the kids home?" he asked.

"Right away. And, Bert — I'm sorry I confronted . . ."

"You recognized? I don't—" Then he understood.

He smiled and reached out for her with his good arm.

"You forgot to turn on your brakes," he said. "The one a couple wife has to wear. The one called courage."

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# QUICK TIPS

When choosing a girl friend, consider what you want her for. If you just want feminine company, O.K., but if you are looking for a wife, remember that it matters more what's in a girl's face than what's on it.

Love is the star men look up to when their walk along, and marriage is the hole they fall into.

Before a man plunges headlong into the sea of matrimony, he should make sure he's not just one of many possible on the beach.

The trouble with a girl who has a nice carriage is that the boys want to see what makes the wheels go round.

In many cases a girl's favourite game turns out to be an alcohol harlot. Quite often he arrives on a date lit up.

We know one girl who never asks her host for an advance on next week's salary—so, she asks him for salary on next week's advances.

A salesman asked a businessman if he could interest him in an attachment for his typewriter, and the businessman replied, "Nothing doing. I'm still paying alimony because of the attachment I had for my last one."

Allimony, of course—is case you

don't know—is the high cost of leaving.

Many a girl who does no romance finds she has married the aristocrat. She is the girl who said to her husband when he asked her if she could take a joke: "I took you, didn't I?"

A wife's advice is of little value, but he who does not take it is a fool.

It is said that the average wife takes 30 per cent longer than her husband turns. That sounds about the right ratio. The man who has a good gag after which he could turn it on his wife.

However, a wife with good horse sense is never a gag.

The man we like is Bill Pedro, who lives in Brazil. One day he was quietly sipping his beer when a man walked in and said to him: "Pedro, I just saw a man go into your house and make love to your wife." Pedro paused in his beer drinking and calmly asked, "Who is a tall man?" Then he went on drinking. His friend, excited, said, "Yes, yes, Pedro. He was a tall man." Pedro looked up again and asked: "Did he wear a bowler hat and did he have a mustache?" His friend nodded. "Yes, yes, Pedro," Pedro snarled. "Yes, that's Ernesto. He makes love to anybody."



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